WEEK ENDING OCT. 23, 1926

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Liberty

A Weekly for the W[illegible]ily

Back No.

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File

In this Issue — **VICTORY** *by* ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Fashion's Newest Arrival—Petite Pens and Pencils

Pastel Shades — Non-Breakable Barrels

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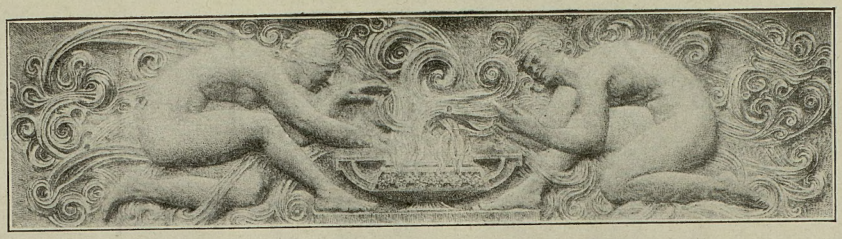

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What is pore film *and* why must you *remove it?*

This is the second of a series of Princess Pat informative talks giving new facts about complexion care. Here we tell about the requirements of cleansing cream—a most important subject.

DO you fancy that we are merely creating a *talking point* when we refer to pore film? If so, visit some scientific library and consult the works of the most eminent authorities on the skin.

Pore film is invisible. Yet every night and every morning there is an accumulation on *every* skin. And it is *resistant* to ordinary cleansing cream. Therein lies the danger—and the reason every woman who values her complexion should know about pore film.

Pore film is acid. It glazes over and seals the pores of the skin. It is formed by the mingling of perspiration and oil given off by the pores. If allowed to remain pore film is injurious to the skin. It can be a first cause of roughened skin texture, blackheads, excessively oily skin, shiny nose and eruptions.

And remember, ordinary cleansing cream will *not* remove pore film. Any prominent skin specialist will confirm this statement, in fact he is likely to say that unscientifically formulated creams will make pore film even more harmful to your complexion.

Princess Pat Skin Cleanser Should Be Used By Every Woman In the Land

Princess Pat Skin Cleanser (you may call it cold cream) is definitely formulated to remove pore film. You may say you get along very well as it is, that you see no ill results from pore film. The explanation is that some skin has a high degree of resistance. But not to deal with pore film, merely *invites* the earlier fading of complexion beauty.

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Oct. 23 1926

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

LEARN LANGUAGES—*An Editorial*

Readers often exclaim when told that writers are paid ten cents, twenty-five cents, a dollar—or even more—a word for their stories. Few realize the fact that the monetary value of words in commercial activities may be greater than that placed upon the works of even the highest paid authors.

One of the universal plaints of schoolboys, and one of the commonest growls from the average man, is: "What good is all this Latin and Greek? No one ever talks these dead languages."

No one ever says: "What is the use of learning that three times nine is twenty-seven?" Yet Latin is the three times nine of the majority of the modern languages. More than 65 per cent of the words we use trace back to the Latin root. A knowledge of Latin greatly increases the understanding of the full meaning of words used in English, French, Spanish, Italian, and practically all other languages used in commerce; and, increasingly, a thorough knowledge of the meaning of words and ability to speak and to understand languages are becoming necessary to success in business.

More than half of the world's business is done in English. Prior to the World War, German ranked second and Spanish third in commercial languages. A great part of the success of the Germans in South America and other countries has been due to their ability to speak the language of peoples with whom they traded, while the English-speaking salesmen have been inclined to insist that those with whom they deal speak English.

Anyone who attempts to do business through an interpreter is handicapped so heavily that his chances of selling are seriously damaged. With radio, airships, and automobiles bringing the peoples of the world into closer and more intimate contact every day, the world is moving rapidly toward a universal language; but, until all peoples speak and understand the same tongue, knowledge of languages is the essence of success in international trade.

The Polish Jew claims to be the greatest linguist in the world because, in order to succeed in business in that polyglot section of the world around the northwest corner of old Germany, the merchant had to speak at least six languages. The Dutch rate high as linguists merely because, being surrounded by five different nations using different tongues, and depending upon them for commercial success, the Hollander is compelled to speak English, German, and French, and to understand Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians. The Swiss merchant must do business in French, English, German, and Italian—and does. The Dutchman in Ceylon, Java, the islands of the South Seas, does not attempt to force the natives to learn his own language; he learns theirs and gets the business.

The commercial value of language is hard to figure. Considering the fact that America's trade with non-English-speaking countries amounts to about two and a quarter billion dollars a year, it is evident that being able to speak the language of those countries counts heavily.

This expansion of trade relations with non-English-speaking countries accents the fact that Americans are losing heavily through neglecting the study of languages, and yet striving to compete with German, Jewish, Swiss, and Dutch merchants who commence their preparation for business with those countries by learning their languages.

No country affords as general or as thorough facilities for learning languages as does the United States, and perhaps no investment is as valuable in bringing quick returns as knowledge of other languages—especially German and Spanish. Yet we are neglecting a basic asset in the commercial world by assuming that our customers ought to come to us and speak our language.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Can Women Postpone Old Age?

HAVE thousands of women really succeeded in extending their span of vigorous years, and in regaining youthful beauty, through the Steinach treatment? Continually that question bobs up, only to be clouded by misrepresentation, fakers' wild claims, and the reticence of physicians. But now Hugh Fullerton, in his article, Yoking the Black Oxen, sends a searchlight of *fact* through the fogs that hide the truth. His revelations will amaze you.

Achmel Abdullah always did write corking stories, but he's turning out world-beaters these days. In The Affair of the Leopard's Spots he gives us a tale of a great diamond that threatened to wreck a lovely woman's happiness.

Is the Ph.D. system a cancer eating into the vitals of our colleges? Frederick De Wolf Pingree believes it is, and tells us why he thinks so, in The Odds Against a Liberal Education.

Viola Brothers Shore writes Sandy Hooked, the story of a working girl who fibbed herself into romance and riches. Give yourself the treat of reading this bubbling tale.

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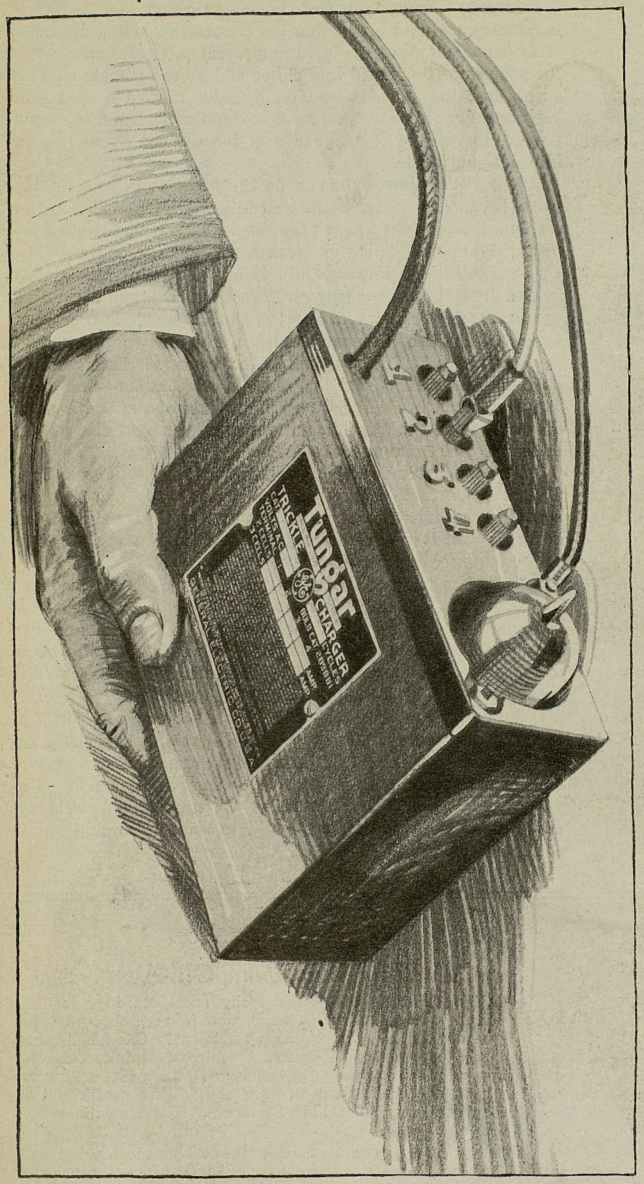

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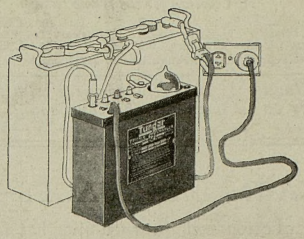

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Victory

Pictures by LESTER RALPH

SHE went down on her knees. They all saw her do that. They saw her fling her arms about him.

The Romance of a Girl Whom Broadway Marked "Missing"

A Short Story by

Adela Rogers St. Johns

THE window flew open with a loud bang. Jim Hogan heard it, as he dashed across the sidewalk looking frantically for a taxi, and his face went one shade darker with anger. If she dared! As though there were anything that Victory in one of her tempers wouldn't dare.

For all his fury, he winced at the sound of the woman's voice penetrating the dark cavern of the street, and looked up involuntarily.

Victory was framed in the open window. Her hair, a great golden mass, poured down over her shoulders and actually spilled out over the window sill. Two stories above him though she was, he could see the heave of her white breast.

Sixty-seventh Street, going hurriedly about its day's business, paused to look and listen. For it is not customary on that street to see a gorgeous lady in a gold-and-white mandarin coat screaming from the windows of an expensive apartment at a gentleman wearing a pearl-gray fedora and spats.

"You rotten little mick!" she screamed, and though the words startled, the voice was as seductive as a nightingale's.

A very small newsboy, arriving posthaste from his corner by the Park, gazed up and then said with the imperturbability of his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[VICTORY
Continued from Page Seven]

kind, "Gee, if it ain't Victory Belmont."

"You think you can treat me like this and get away with it?" screamed the golden voice. "I'll tell this town things I know about you that'll make you leave on a freight," and she made good that threat by accusations not found in the Decameron itself.

The very small newsboy listened along with the rest of the crowd, puzzled and delighted, but Jim Hogan at least did not hear the last of the indictment. He had turned the corner and flung himself somehow, anyhow, into a moving taxi. The driver took one look at his new passenger and set off in a vast hurry for the big Broadway theater whose name his passenger had hissed at him.

Jim Hogan was blind and deaf with rage.

"That she-devil," he said to himself; "that she-devil!"

His knuckles were white with the grip he was keeping on himself. Jim Hogan had reason to be afraid of his temper, but he was weary to death of being ridden continually against that curb.

ONLY Victory could do this to him. As the tide of rage ebbed and left him, he wondered how much longer he could stand it. And his great love for her was like a pain that grew and grew.

Naturally, Jim Hogan, who had risen from office boy in the Katz & Effenden offices to be a daring young shoe-string producer on his own, hadn't been in the dark about Victory Belmont when he married her. She blazed too brightly on his Broadway. Just as everybody conceded her to be the best young actress in New York, so they agreed that she was the most temperamental. Nobody could help loving her. She hypnotized, dazzled, bewildered with her charm and her sweetness and her beauty. But neither could they depend upon her any more than they could depend upon a March wind.

There was a new story about her at the Lambs Club every week. She was always being sued for alienation of affections, or named as a corespondent, but juries were no more proof against her than audiences, so she emerged the unjustly suspected victim.

A few years before the Great War, when this story begins, Broadway was cruder and more decent than it is today, but Victory Belmont would probably have been now what she certainly was then, its *enfant terrible*.

All this Jim Hogan, who belonged to Broadway as typically as its electric signs, had known well.

Then he met her.

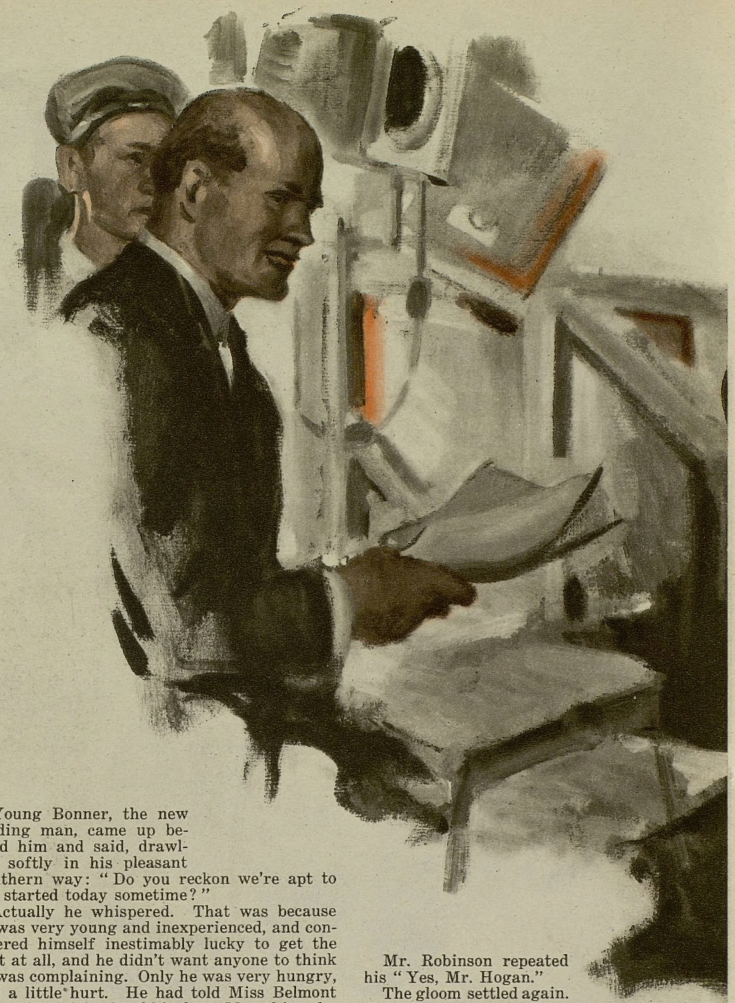
Though he was not really of a poetical cast of mind, he used to think of her in those first days as a brimming cup. And he wondered how any creature could hold so much. Brimming over always, was Victory. Maybe with laughter, maybe with tears, maybe with passion or pity or rage or hatred. But brimming, brimming over.

They had loved each other at once, and madly. Jim Hogan was a little amazed to win her so swiftly. But no inferiority complex troubled him, and if he knew that his dark and angular features were by no means lovely, he had also learned the powers of his winning smile and the sort of voice that can coax a bird out of a tree. Got most things he went after, did Jim Hogan.

Anyway, he would have married Victory Belmont if hell yawned just beyond.

If? As the taxi jolted to a stop, he paid that "if" the tribute of a bitter laugh.

THE stage manager, whose name was Robinson, looked at his watch and sighed. He was a patient man. He had been patient for so many years that the role was wearing out a bit, showing a martyred irascibility on the edges. After all, there was no reason why he shouldn't hope that some day they would start a rehearsal on time.



Young Bonner, the new leading man, came up behind him and said, drawling softly in his pleasant Southern way: "Do you reckon we're apt to get started today sometime?"

Actually he whispered. That was because he was very young and inexperienced, and considered himself inestimably lucky to get the part at all, and he didn't want anyone to think he was complaining. Only he was very hungry, and a little hurt. He had told Miss Belmont about those friends of his from Memphis, who had asked him to tea at the Plaza, and she had been so nice about it, and had promised they'd start on time and get through early.

BUT A. N. E. Jowett, who had been one of the best bad men on the London stage for years before coming to New York, had no such delicacies.

"Beastly outrage, this," he said very loudly, pulling vigorously at his nicely clipped mustache. "Who does this gal think she is? I've played with all the best actresses in London, and it's not done, not by the really big ones. I was with Ellen Terry two seasons, my dear old bean, and I do positively assure you I've never known her to be late for a performance or a rehearsal in me life."

Mr. Robinson gave him a bored look and young Bonner took out a stick of chewing gum and substituted it for the envisioned tea. He had heard it highly recommended for seasickness. Perhaps it might be some use against starvation.

"Mr. Robinson," said the man who now appeared in the aisle.

"Yes, Mr. Hogan."

"Miss Belmont has left her apartment. She ought to be here in a very few minutes. I've an appointment, but I'll be back presently."

Mr. Robinson repeated his "Yes, Mr. Hogan."

The gloom settled again. Even the two women over in the corner fell silent. The inexpressible dinginess and disillusionment that attend an unlighted, barren, lifeless stage and an endless expanse of empty seats, gripped them all. The hopelessness of a place too big for human contact descended upon them.

And then, by magic, it all vanished. Light and warmth, life and color, were there, as though an illuminated spectrum had been thrown upon the scene.

Victory Belmont had come in.

BETTY ATHERTON, the clever little ingenue, had to fight anew an almost bitter sense of having become altogether invisible herself.

"It isn't fair that anyone should have so much," she said to herself.

A woman with Victory Belmont's genius for acting needn't have been so extravagantly beautiful. Or, given those two things, she needn't have been given that almost hypnotic charm that just took possession of you.

She was doing it now, with those men—those three silly men who had been grumbling and crabbing for hours. Little Miss Atherton's lip curled. Just by looking pathetic and letting her lips tremble at the corners, by saying

AND then, by magic, it all vanished. Light and warmth, life and color, were there—Victory Belmont had come in.

perfectly obvious things in that golden voice of hers, she was making Mr. Robinson protest that they hadn't really been ready to start until that moment, and young Bonner vow that it didn't matter anyway because nobody had anything else to do. Even Ellen Terry's friend, Mr. Jowett, was affirming between h'ms and ha's that he'd never known a really charming and talented woman in his life that could be on time.

"Look at her," said little Miss Atherton to her great friend, Mrs. Whitcomb, who played Miss Belmont's mother, "just look at her. Her eyes are really violet, you know. I always thought violet eyes existed only in very bad novels, until I saw Miss Belmont. And her hair is so golden it makes me feel warm just to look at it. Look at the line from her shoulder to her waist, and from her waist to her knee. Look at the curve where her head is fitted on to her neck. She makes me furious with envy and jealousy, because I've got so little myself. And yet I adore her—I do really. And I am only a woman. What must she be like to men?"

Mr. Robinson, young Bonner, and the Englishman were giving excellent demonstrations.

But Victory Belmont, having subjugated them from force of habit, had ceased to notice them.

SHE was peering out into the darkened house and her eyes were soft and pleading. There were fears in her eyes, so they looked like violets under dew:

"Where is my husband?" she asked huskily.

"He had an appointment," Mr. Robinson told her. "He said he'd be back pretty soon."

They began the belated rehearsal. But it was not to run smoothly.

They hadn't gotten through the first act when Jim Hogan came in and sat down at the back of the house. He looked haughty and tired. Men never recover from scenes and quarrels as quickly as women.

Victory Belmont saw him.

There was a side way from the stage into the theater, behind one tier of boxes. Having seen him, she flew off, running like a girl.

She went down on her knees. They all saw her do that. They saw her fling her arms about him, draw his head down against hers. It was surrender—abject, dramatic surrender.

They could hear none of the hotly gushing words, but they didn't need to. The power of her pantomime was unmistakable. And they all gave a little sigh when at last her head went down on his breast, and his arm took a hard, terrible hold upon all her sweetness.

She had, of course, forgotten them completely. But if she had remembered, she would not have cared.

She had said that she would make it all up to him.

BUT that night, as he lay beside her in the still darkness, the great silken mass of her hair covering them both, he wondered in dark foreboding. Even in her sleep, she still clung to him, sighing little half-sobs against his shoulder, touching him sleepily with her lips, patting him with hands that tightened like steel if he moved.

And, driven by that foreboding fear, he turned suddenly and drew her very close and said brokenly, "My darling, my darling, we must not."

She snuggled against him, and he felt her hand against his cheek and her lips murmuring something like, "I love you."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[VICTORY
Continued from Page Nine]

But he lay there into the dawn, companioned by that fear, and only half-consoled by that love.

* * *

ODDLY enough, it was, in a way, young Bonner who precipitated the inevitable end. After insulting the boy past belief, after declaring that she couldn't and wouldn't work with such an idiot, Victory had made one of her sudden shifts and taken a great fancy to him.

"He's such a darling! Since I must put up with him, and I do admit he's ideal for the part, I might as well teach him to act."

Victory had an indulgent attitude toward all young men who loved her, as though it were a sort of impersonal complaint from which they could hardly be expected to escape. She liked having men in love with her, liked it tremendously. She was forever getting frightful crushes on operatic tenors, prize-fighter champions, authors, and what-have-you. And she had no more finesse, no more poise, than a sixteen-year-old school girl.

Jim Hogan hadn't minded those things. They were not important. They came and went swiftly and never invaded his home.

Young Bonner was neither a tenor nor a prize-fighter, however. He was a gentleman, young and very handsome and entirely off his nut about Victory. His importance lay in the fact that his adoration intoxicated Victory, stimulated her to that wild pitch where she rode life recklessly, without a thought of the future.

JIM had tried to go once or twice before. Might have gone, but that she had always pleaded her great need of him. He couldn't bear to see her adrift. He had been as much held by his sense of her helplessness before adverse winds as by his love for her. That would have sounded mad to people who knew the brilliant and successful Victory Belmont, but Jim had been her anchor long enough to know how much she needed one. So, when she had pulled him back, begged forgiveness, wept with panic, he had stayed.

His jealousy of young Bonner was only the crack that loosed the accumulation of things that had gone before.

Oh, it may have been innocent enough. Probably was. But it was humiliating; it cut away the last remnants of their privacy.

And this time, when, at the end of a soul-searing quarrel, he told Victory he was going for good, she looked at him with her enormous eyes ablaze and her golden head thrown back and said, "Go—go! I want you to go."

Nobody was surprised.

"Corking actress," said the Lambs unanimously, "and a beautiful woman, but a man couldn't stay married to her. Shame about Hogan, having to chuck everything like that, just when he'd gone over the top, as it were. Dare say he was right, though. Couldn't stay in the same town with her, of course, and this go-West-young-man idea has been well recommended. He'll get on. The boy's clever."

It is not quite true, however, to say that nobody was surprised.

Little Miss Atherton, putting on her make-up that very night, heard a knock at her dressing-room door, and when she opened it, Victory Belmont stood there. Her great eyes were wide and hurt like a child's, and the hands clasped above her breast were all atremble.

"He's gone," said Victory Belmont, as though she did not quite believe it. She looked frightened.

When little Miss Atherton put tender arms about her, she broke down utterly.

"It's all my fault," she said, "you know that; don't you? But I haven't meant to be a bad woman. I meant to be good. Do you think there's any chance for me? No—" a sob held her voiceless, "no, he gave me so many chances. I guess he got tired of that, too. I'll—I'll give him his freedom. Maybe some time he'll find a good woman that will—make him happy. I—hope he will."

And little Miss Atherton, all choked with sobs and blinded with tears, said, "Now, now, darling. Don't talk like that. It'll all come right somehow."

Victory Belmont, pressing her fingers against her lovely, red mouth, shook her head.

At first, on the westbound train, Jim Hogan hated her as a man can only hate a woman who has brought him hell instead of heaven through her love. Things she had said in the midst of their elemental quarrels, and that he thought he had forgotten, came back to him and in the cold light of memory seemed even more vile and brutal than he had thought them.

He could see nothing but her waywardness, her temper, her changeableness, her untruthfulness, her insults.

But time, like its cousin, death, softens.

He began to remember her great eyes raised to his own, and the husky sweetness of her voice. Little doors opened and let in ghosts, like butterflies into a garden. She used to kneel down at night to say her prayers, if she happened to think of it, and he could see her there, the golden hair covering her clear to the floor, and her mouth moving gravely and carefully.

It hurt. In his spirit and in his flesh he longed for her.

Gradually, of course, he did not think of her so often. He was very busy, as a man must be who has started life all over again, in a new place. And then, too, he was a great mixer. He liked his kind, always. Sometimes a week went by, even a month, when he was altogether free of her.

And at last—being a very strong man, he had barred and bolted the little doors as best he could and no more butterfly ghosts came through—he forgot about her.

Jim Hogan got on as the Lambs predicted.

LOOK in on him fifteen years later, listed as one of the ten best directors in motion pictures, occupying a rambling sort of Mexican house on a Hollywood sidehill, working fifteen hours a day and loving it. Hair a little gray, and his angular face more angular than ever, and marked with two great lines as wide and as deep as your finger down each cheek. But otherwise not much changed. Deep eyes very much alive.

There were few men in Hollywood more popular than Jim Hogan.

"I think you're really in love with him," Caroline Waite's best friend accused her after their engagement had been announced, "even if he is such a lot older."

"I am," said Caroline, "and he never seems old. He's kept so young. I like distinguished-looking men. I've never cared for boys."

When she was dressing that night to go out to dinner with Jim, Caroline stood in front of her mirror and studied herself. Her dark hair was cut close to her head, carefully marcelled. The creamy whiteness of her dress, very smart and exceedingly becoming, for Caroline had excellent taste, brought out her dark eyes and the regularity of her features and the deep bloom of her skin.

From the small jewel box her maid held out to her, Caroline took a tiny string of pearls and her engagement ring.

"Put my white coat and gloves and my satin-and-rhinestone bag on the bench in the hall, and you can go, Sally," she said to her maid. She didn't keep a personal maid, but when she was going out in the evenings brought her studio maid home to help her. Caroline had everything arranged like that, to get the maximum results for the minimum expenditure of money and time.

"You look awful nice," said the girl, with a broad grin.

Caroline sent another glance at the mirror. "Thank you, Sally," she said.

As a matter of fact, she agreed with Sally. "At least," she said to her reflection, "you look like a lady and not like a baggage."

IN the pretty, tasteful living-room, the colored cook brought her a glass of hot milk. She rarely ate much when she dined out. Everything was apt to be rich, heavy, and fattening. Caroline was in the habit of taking care of her weight and her complexion. When she had finished it, she sat down at her desk to make some entries in her income-tax book. But, oddly enough, she could not get to work at it. Her heart was beating strangely.

It was true, as she had told her best friend, that she loved Jim Hogan.

In the beginning, such an idea had never occurred to her. She had been cool and sensible, as she usually was. Jim Hogan was a fine man. Also, he was very rich and very powerful. His position and his reputation were all that a girl could desire. Naturally, Caroline Waite had thought of all these things. Such a marriage had always been her dearest ambition.

She didn't care especially for acting. But, knowing that she was lovely and being perfectly sure of her ability to keep her head, she had selected it in preference to any other means of making her living. And she had been very successful. Her salary increased each year. She was always in demand as a leading woman.

But she knew she would never be anything more. There was no spark in her. Critics described her performances as "adequate."

Moreover, it was hard work. Caroline Waite had no desire to battle with the world, to get up every morning and rush to a studio to work when it was hot or when it was cold, or when she felt ill.

So she was very glad indeed when Jim Hogan began to single her out for attention, and she played her cards as skillfully as she knew how. It would be very nice to be Mrs. Jim Hogan. When she was married, she would give up the screen and make herself a position as a hostess, as a worth-while woman, as Mrs. Jim Hogan.

She heard the doorbell and went herself, a faint color in her cheeks.

When he had kissed her, tenderly, she put her forehead down against his overcoat and stood quite still for a long minute, as though she might be making a little, silent vow. Then she drew back for him to put on her coat.

"I like you in white, Caroline," said Jim Hogan. "You look like a woman a man might trust his love to. I'm very proud of you."

The flush on her face deepened. He had never seen her color like that before, and it stirred him a little, more than she had ever stirred him before.

To cover the blush, she made him a little curtsy, as dignified as a duchess being presented at court. "And I'm very proud of you, sir," she said.

They both laughed, and he put her into the big car standing at her door.

* * *

THE name catapulted at him from the paper in his hand.

"Victory Belmont."

Why—it was impossible. It was crazy—after fifteen years!

So gray and pinched was he beneath the impact of the thing that his assistant director, coming in for an appointed conference on the cast, said:

"Mr. Hogan, you're ill."

Jim Hogan looked at him, through him, without seeing him.

"I'm not ill," he said, and the boy, after hesitating a moment, went out.

"Looked like he'd seen a ghost," he said to himself.

Slowly, Jim Hogan's mind righted itself. The grayness disappeared.

Because he had found that particular name upon a list sent over from the casting office to help him in selecting a cast for his new production, it didn't necessarily mean—anything.

Anybody might take that name. It had been a great stage name.

The first night she had appeared under his management, they had stopped the taxi in front of the theater and stood on the curb, gazing up at the name in flaming letters, and giggling like kids.

FIFTEEN years. Fifteen years. In them he had found content, security, success in his chosen work—even a measure of love.

What had Victory Belmont found in those years?

For Broadway had long written after Victory Belmont's name that haunted word: "Missing."

Jim Hogan had inquired, very casually, sometimes of people who came out from New York, and he had received various answers at various times:

Stock in Cleveland. Vaudeville. Then—just missing.

So it had been unbelievable to come upon that name, after fifteen years, on a common, everyday, typewritten casting list.

It couldn't be.

Then he saw that it was written below the heading, "Character Women."

A terrific impatience took possession of him. Uncertainty burned him.

He must *know*.

The casting office had trouble finding the address. It wasn't registered with them. But at last they gave it to him.

One of those cheap little hotels above the Angel's Flight, presenting a scrolled stucco front to a cynical world that well knew its wooden sides and scrambly rear stairways. He walked up two flights with rubber treads, followed by the curious eyes of the landlady. Such well-groomed, distinguished, prosperous-looking visitors were rare in her experience.

At last he found a number upon a door in the narrow, dark hall.

To his knock, a voice said, "Come on in."

A strange voice. But his heart beat so terribly that he had actually to steady himself before he could obey.

A woman was sitting in the rocking chair by the window. At sight of him, she got up.

She was a fat woman, in a cotton crepe kimono. The brassy yellow of her short hair made her face look flabby and old.

He started to say, "Are you—" and broke off.

They stood staring at each other.

Then a wave of crimson poured into her face, like blood gushing from a new wound.

"It's Jim," she said, and the voice was no longer altogether strange; it was too full of memories. "Jim!"

She got a straight chair for him, and they sat down.

With shaking hands, she made little pats at the back of her hair, smoothing it down, and straightened the kimono across her breast, with a little gesture that was the very skeleton of an old love.

He looked around the room, giving her time, trying to get command of his own voice, wondering if his heart were actually bleeding.

THAT room!

The canary in the window, cheapest of all living companions for unbearable loneliness. The little potted hydrangeas. And across the couch-bed a tarnished white-and-gold mandarin coat, tattered banner of ancient glory. The cheap little trunk, too, was covered with wine-red velvet that had once been matchless, and Jim Hogan could remember how Victory Belmont had looked in it as the queen of a make-believe kingdom.

And then, suddenly, on the wall above the washstand he looked full upon the glory and beauty of the woman who had been his wife and his love—Victory Belmont in her prime.

His love—the love of his life. A man loves only once as he had loved Victory Belmont.

To the fat woman on the chair, he said, "I didn't know you were out here."

She smiled, hands still busy smoothing the straggly ends of that poor, hopeless hair.

"I've been here about six months," she said. "Things were dull in—New York. I got tired of stock. I thought I'd try pictures."

"YOU think you can treat me like this and get away with it?" screamed the golden voice.

"Victory!"

She got up abruptly, and her slippers made a shuffling sound as she crossed the room.

There was only one cigarette in the box she held out to him. He did not know against what unbearable hour she had saved it. But, before something in her eyes, he took it.

"I DON'T like pictures much," she said, into the pause, and her eyes began to fill with anguish; but they pleaded with him, pleaded for him not to notice, "but I've done very well. There's a little slump on now. That's why I'm home today."

That brave smile of the lips.

"Did you know I was here?" he asked, abruptly.

She nodded very gayly. "I'm glad you've done so well, Jim. I didn't plan on seeing you, but I guess it doesn't matter. I wanted to tell you how glad I was——"

"Maybe I could help you about getting a—contract somewhere," he said, and knew his voice sounded cold, but he had to keep it cold, or it might get away from him. "This is a hard game to get started in."

She flung up her head, a grand gesture, a superb gesture. "I don't need any help," she said, and her voice had a ring that made him remember how she had often topped the best actors in New York with only a whisper. "I'm doing very well. I've got a good part starting next week at Allied."

HE got up to go, aching in every heartbeat. He couldn't stand this any longer.

"Good-by, Jim," she said, smiling at him. "Don't worry about me. You know I always come out all right. You know me, Jim."

And then, unexpectedly, terribly, she began to cry.

"Oh, God!" she said, and put up her trembling hands and tried to crush down the sobs in her throat, "Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy, just let me look at you. Not changed a bit. I—I can't stand it. Why did you come, oh, why did you come? I'm an old hag, Jimmy. And I was—you remember me as you loved me——"

"Vicky!" he cried.

He had never seen a woman cry like that, and all the time her eyes were on him, anguished, wide eyes—remembering.

"Jimmy," she said, "I want you to go and never come back any more. But before you go, I want you to know that—I love you. I—never loved any man but you. And I wish you well. I—pray for you."

Her hand touched his sleeve, just once.

Outside in the hall, he heard a sob that it almost seemed a woman might die of, and he tried frantically to go back, but she had locked the door.

In the car, the thoughts of two women rode with him:

A woman young, lovely, with steady, dark eyes, her life full. And a fat woman, her face old beneath her dyed hair and her hands—empty.

Two women?

Three. And it was the presence of the third that was hardest to bear.

* * *

CAROLINE WAITE was having her luncheon on the little flowered balcony, beneath the bright striped awning.

She had not expected Jim, but her yellow morning dress was fresh as a flower and there was not a hair out of place on her smooth head.

Her swift glance took in the blue bowl of strawberries, the muffins piled on an old Italian plate, the crisp lettuce. She said, "Sit down, Jim. You shall have an omelet in two minutes."

Her hand reached out for the bell, but never got there.

Something in his face made her follow him into the charming living-room.

"Caroline," said Jim Hogan, "I'm not going to talk a lot. When I'm through, you must think—the best you can of me."

Gravely she watched him, and she sat down in a winged chair, because her knees were not quite steady.

"When you get married some day, Caroline," said Jim Hogan, "to a man who is young and can give you the best love of his life, they will say to you, 'For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part.'"

He took her hand, and kissed it.

"I can't marry you, Caroline," he said very quietly. "I am not free."

THE END

WHO MAKES *the* Gold-Digger DIG?

Men Do, Says a Woman Who Once Dug a Little Herself

An Article by

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Pictures by ADDISON BURBANK

GOLD-DIGGING as a science, an amusement, and an art seems to be becoming a national institution. It has already become a topic for serious discussion in circles where serious discussions are in vogue. It is taking its place in importance with Nordic supremacy, the value of the franc, and psychoanalysis. There may have been a time when gold-digging was practically a secret vice. Now it is carried on in the open quite more honorably than some formerly far more respected professions.

The importance of gold-digging has only recently been brought home to me. I wrote a novel. The name of it was Show Business. It was published this spring. (*Adv.:* Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., Publisher.) As soon as the book appeared, letters began to pour in.

To my surprise, the letters did not contain references to my literary style, to the character development of the heroine I believed I had so carefully conceived, nor even to the psychological and sociological truths that I felt certain were deeply implanted in the story. No; the letters concerned (*a*) whether or not it was possible for a chorus girl to remain virtuous; and (*b*) what about gold-digging? And the letters taking up the latter question were far in the majority.

Most folks could agree, at least in letters, it seems, that under certain conditions a girl might remain what is most commonly known as "good" even if she made a living by dancing in the chorus. (Personally, I have never been able to see why a dancing job should interfere with a girl's morality.) But the question of gold-digging! Everyone wanted to know about that, it seemed, and everyone had his or her own ideas on it. Do all women gold-dig? Do men like gold-diggers? Who makes the gold-digger dig?

Alas, I am not an authority on gold-digging. I wish that I were. Not that I should like to go actively into gold-digging; for, after all, I believe it is a profession more successfully practiced by the extremely young. Still, there are times when, if I knew more about it——

Gold-digging, as I have gathered from my friends of the so-called younger generation —members of various New York choruses, debutantes, and girls who wish they were one or the other—consists in being able to get as much as possible from acquiescent males and to give as little as possible in return. And, as a business and a sociological problem, why not?

Biologically, I think we will all agree that a fifty-fifty deal between the sexes is impossible. Platonic friendship is a beautiful thing, but I have seen few cases of it in real life. Either it ripens into something deeper—and far more interesting, as a usual thing—or it drifts into an acquaintanceship that becomes pretty much of a bore. Real friendship without thought of

AS a girl grows older, she finds that most gifts from men are not given because the men are generous.

warmer affection between the sexes is rare; and few very young girls—and that is the class of which gold-diggers are made—are capable of it.

Although I am not writing a defense of gold-digging—even if it needs defending and even because it has served quite well on occasions in my own life—I do not mind going on record as blaming men for it.

After all, a very young girl has few thoughts about gold-digging. She is usually grateful for small gifts and does not try to graft them by wiles or cleverness. A box of candy or a book, a few flowers, any inexpensive trinket, is received with real gratitude. I find that very young prep school girls today are just as unsophisticated about grafting as I was at their age. But, as they grow older, girls find that men wish rewards for their small gifts. When a man brings a girl a box of candy he expects just a little better treatment than if he had arrived empty-handed. A bit of inexpensive and spurious jewelry must be paid for by smiles and at least an assumption of gratitude.

AS a girl grows older she finds that most gifts from men are given, not because the men are generous, nor because they get their pleasure out of bestowing presents upon the young and fair of the opposite sex. No; each girl finds that there are sometimes several strings tied to the presents she receives. She not only learns to look a gift horse in the mouth, but to count his teeth and to examine his mane and tail as well.

A young man has to be paid for his gifts in the kind of payment that he wants to receive: flattery, love-making, little tricks—a bowing to his superiority, a yielding to his judgment—and making him feel the conquering male. All these are the coins of payment that girls soon learn to give to men in return for the small presents that are given to them.

Then men begin to ask for more—more love-making, more flattery. A girl feels that she has given enough—perhaps too much—for what she has received. So she begins to scheme, to plan: first, to get more gifts; second, to give less in payment for them. If she is pretty and clever and has some of the intangible quality known slangily as sex lure—and this sex lure or sex attraction is a real asset—she becomes "gradual," as Milt Gross would say, a gold-digger.

A gold-digger to me, then, is not a horrible little grafter at all. She is a sane and rather clever girl who is able to get more than she gives. Why shouldn't she? She'd be an awful fool in this day, which we like to think of as advanced in things scientific and psychological, if she gave more than she received.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHO MAKES THE GOLD-DIGGER DIG?
Continued from Page Thirteen]

The average little gold-digger is rather poor. She has been able, in her search for happiness, to get little enough out of this world. Her life, like that of the rest of us, is given over to a quest for beauty as she knows it. In these days of cheap music, cheaper vaudeville, startling although not especially artistic motion pictures, shoddy wearing apparel, and inartistic furniture, beauty is hard to find. It's especially hard to find if you haven't money.

Cheap things are almost always hideous. Cheap dresses are badly cut and of poor material. Cheap furniture is of varnished wood with no beauty of line and, alas, too much ornament. Cheap jewelry is atrocious. Even the theaters cost a lot if you wish to hear and see without annoyance. Public libraries never have the books you want to read when you want them — and, anyhow, what young girl wants to spend all of her evenings reading? She does not want to offer herself up on the altar of good times, and more than likely she does not want to yield any of her personal integrity.

LOVE-MAKING? Is there harm in that? We've gone past the place where a kiss is necessarily a smudging of virtue. The modern girl does not have to go farther than "harmless necking," though that, perhaps, would seem like promiscuous love-making to an older generation. But she wants as much as she can get out of life. Why shouldn't she? So she gets it in the modern translation of the easiest way—she grafts.

She learns to make up. Time was when the lipstick was considered a tool of the devil. The modern girl knows that today a man doesn't want to be seen with her unless her face is adorned with a certain amount of make-up. She learns to have the newest bob. She buys her own interpretation—as far as she can afford it—of what is smart in feminine wearing apparel. Even awfully poor girls manage to be smart looking these days. She uses her wiles.

Some of the things that have been denied her, perhaps because her parents were poor, perhaps because they did not see her need of things, begin to come in. Little things are given to her—slave bracelets, a new bag, a new brooch. As she becomes more proficient in the art of gold-digging she learns to achieve further triumphs—and to give proportionately less in return.

The gold-digger is virtuous as part of her profession. I don't mean that she is unnecessarily virtuous in the older sense of the word. I do mean that if she is paying to the full extent of what she receives she is no longer a gold-digger. By her own stupidity she has gone down out of the class of gold-digging into a far, far less desirable class.

Men, then, make gold-diggers dig. Most certainly. If they were not in their way, trying to entice girls into their company, they would not be preyed upon by the gold-digger. No gold-digger ever attacks or drags from his fireside the family man who gives no thought to her. Nor does she attract the conservative —and stingy—bachelor. They are all right in their place, but as a provider of gold for the modern digger they are without virtue.

The man who furnishes material for the gold-digger is the man who is out after her. He is the man who thinks he "understands" women. He knows what they like. So he prides himself—and prepares for his downfall. Why shouldn't he be used as a digging-ground if he is there offering himself? Half of the time he is a married man whose wife doesn't understand him. Perfect prey! Then there is the canny bachelor or a widower who wouldn't get married and give up his freedom for the world. But he believes he can capture any little darling on whom he sets his heart. So the little darlings drop their eyes, pretend a great helplessness, and dig for all they are worth—and I'm glad they do.

She knows what she wants of life, and she is trying awfully hard to get it.

Our finest flower of womanhood today perhaps is not the gold-digger—but it is quite likely that the gold-diggers' daughters will be finest flowers, too. The girl in comfortable circumstances, as I have pointed out, doesn't have to graft. Luxuries fall like ripe plums into her hands. For her, gold-digging would be superfluous. She can concern herself with the nicer and deeper things of life—with music and the other arts—though unfortunately she frequently wastes her time on inferior things far more than does the gold-digger, who must learn at least a smattering of the arts in order to graft successfully.

THE more obvious of gold-diggers are girls who would have been attractive to men no matter what course they pursued or in what class they were born. They are hardened a bit, it is true, but it is not their fault. If they had not taken on a layer of sophistication, they would have been battered far more by the world. Their very hardness is their protection. If they had not grown their veneer of sophistication they would have lost all that they had wanted to gain. Men would have "taken advantage" of them. The man who objects most strenuously to the gold-digger is not the family man—who, after all, learns little about her—but the man who has tried to fool some little darling and has been taken in.

Do men like gold-diggers? That's another stock question that has been hurled at me. Offhand, I'd say no. And yet, men do like feminine company; they like to feel that they are in a position to supply their current sweeties with things they may desire. They do not like to feel that they are being "worked," but that feeling is the result not of gold-digging but of stupidity.

Friendships between men and women are among the most beautiful of human relations, but in nearly all the cases that have come under my observation it has been the man who has been the cause of ending them. Either he insisted on trying to turn friendship into a more amorous relationship, or his love affair —or affairs—with other women made him neglect his friendships almost entirely.

As long as biology exists in its present state —and there is no reason to suppose it will change—life will be more or less of a game and the war of the sexes will exist in various forms. In the present war the woman is, in some ways, gaining supremacy.

SHE knows, in a way, what she wants out of life, and she is trying awfully hard —in her way—to get it. Some avenues of success are still closed to women. Hundreds have been opened, and one of these is the method of graft—of gold-digging—so perfected by our present-day girl.

The girl who doesn't have to gold-dig is, of course, the superior girl. The girl gifted by home environment, or by the endowment of a splendid brain which enables her to gain what she wants without resorting to gold-digging, is superior indeed. To thousands of girls who haven't these things, who lack home environment and home training, generations of pride and generations of money, and who must do for themselves what other girls' ancestors have done for them, gold-digging is a very short road to luxury.

The gold-digger isn't a bad girl who "goes too far." She is the girl who is clever enough to make men think that she will yield to them —no matter what they desire in the way of yielding—who gets what the stupid things have to offer, and who gives nothing in return. To me, gold-digging is just a proof of the superiority of the modern girl over the modern male.

Men taught girls to gold-dig in a hundred ways.

They need not be alarmed because she has profited by their teachings. Underneath the veneer of her new knowledge, the modern girl is just as tender, just as eager for life, and, in a way, just as wistful and lonely as the girl of former generations.

If she is able "to get away with things," to graft a hundred small luxuries, to add a hundred new beauties to her life, why shouldn't she?

She is a good kid, the gold-digger, and will play straight if men will let her. After her gold-digging days are over, or right in the middle of them, if that so-much-talked-about-and-so-seldom-seen Mr. Right comes along, she'll give up all of her "evil ways" and settle down into the best sort of housewife and "little mother," with never a thought for the grafted dinners and unearned luxuries of other days. I know. For once, in my poor way, I was a—well, a sort of—gold-digger myself.

THE END

One taste of this delicious flavor and your appetite is awake!

SOUP
for brighter, better meals!

THREE meals every day! One thousand and ninety-five meals a year! No wonder some one has said that the general who directs the campaign of the family dining table is the true national heroine, deserving of all praise for her ingenuity, resourcefulness and varied knowledge! And it is a truth known to every skillful housewife that the greatest success comes to her who has the gift of imparting sparkle and attractiveness to her meals.

Invariably you will find that such an experienced "strategist" in meal planning uses soup as one of her most effective means of giving the bright touch to her menus. She realizes that soup offers a deliciousness of flavor, a variety, a temptation to the appetite which no other food can supply in quite the same way. With soup she achieves that triumph which is so priceless to the anxious housewife—meals that "go just right." Every one at the table takes a more complete satisfaction in the foods and so the arduous task of pleasing all the family is made just that much simpler.

APPETITE! A healthy, eager, alert appetite! If the people for whom you provide have it, you know your daily problem is being solved. If the family, which assembles at your table is interested and attracted *at once* by what you serve, the meal will go with a crispness that proves how much it is being enjoyed. A plate of piping-hot, delicious soup sends a glow of satisfaction about the table, arouses the appetite, makes it keen and active. This is the great value of soup. It not only nourishes, but it causes the digestive juices to flow more freely, increasing the desire for food and promoting digestion of other foods.

This explains why healthy people crave soup and relish it so eagerly. Wise nature has given us a special fondness for this hot, liquid food because it acts as such a wholesome and invigorating stimulant. For this reason food experts include soup in the daily menus which they recommend for the family table.

AND NOW that it is so easy and convenient for you to obtain the best of soups at your store, let them help you constantly in the task of providing brighter, better meals for your home. Begin now and serve soup daily for the next two weeks, as an experiment. Notice how much it adds to everybody's enjoyment and how much it *saves you!*

Visit your grocer's and familiarize yourself with all the delightful and different kinds of soups you will find there, already prepared and cooked for you by makers of world-wide reputation. Tempting vegetable purees, such as Tomato, Pea, Celery, Asparagus and Bean Soups which, by the way, you will often serve as Cream Soups. Hearty substantial soups, such as Vegetable, Vegetable-Beef, Beef, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo, Mutton, Pepper Pot, and Clam Chowder. Dainty clear soups, such as Consomme, Bouillon, Julienne, Printanier. 12 cents a can.

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The Machete versus The Cross

A Letter from Mexico

A Close-up of the Great Religious War

An Article by

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

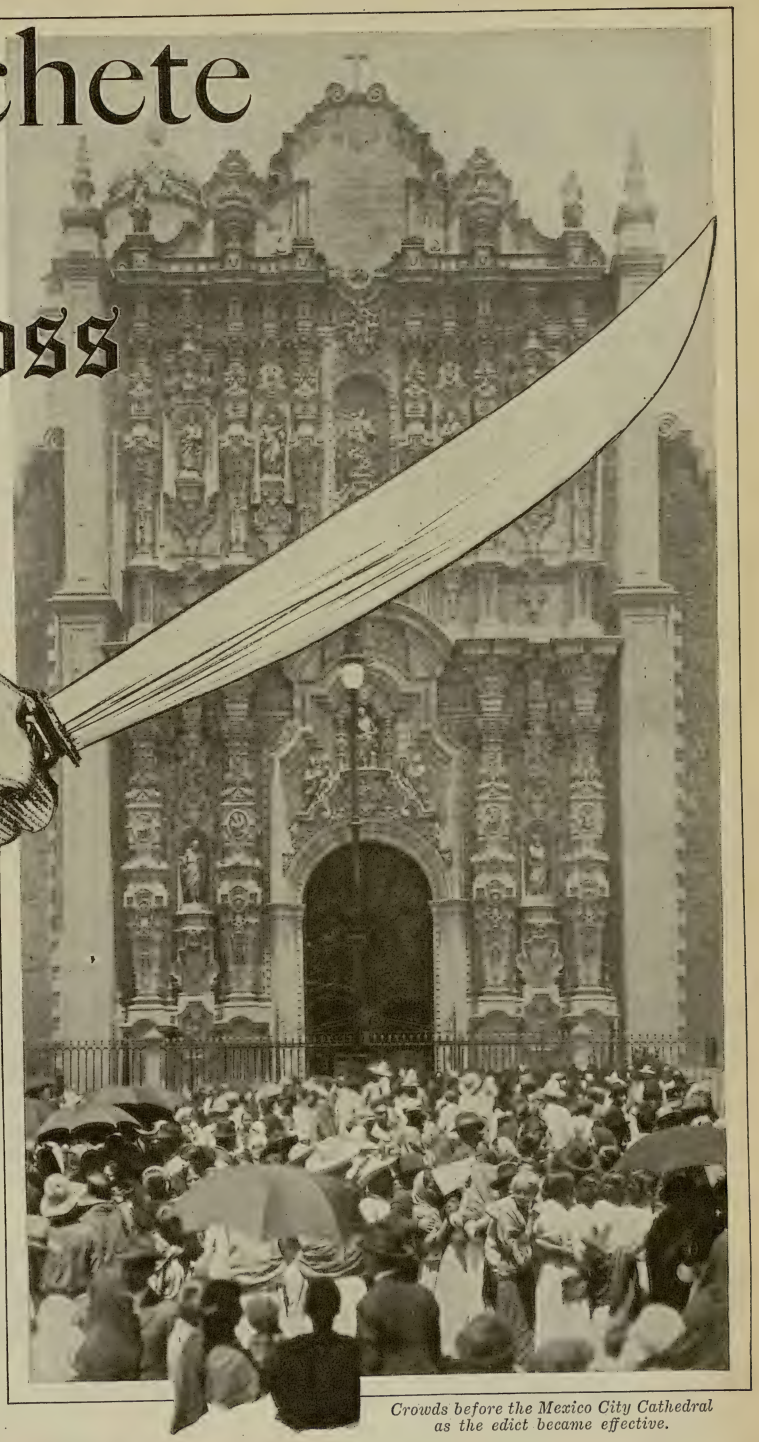
EDITOR'S NOTE: Sidney Sutherland, the author of this article, is a staff writer for LIBERTY, particularly well equipped to write on Mexican affairs. He was born in Mexico, in the city of Monterey, State of Nuevo Leon. His father was a Methodist missionary. In childhood and early manhood Mr. Sutherland lived in Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies, learning the native language and dialects, and acquiring a sympathetic understanding of the people and their problems. Because of his dark complexion and his ability to speak Spanish without a trace of foreign accent, he has frequently been taken for a native by the natives themselves. His present visit was undertaken to give LIBERTY readers an unprejudiced first-hand account of conditions in Mexico, particularly those growing out of the bitter religious strife.

Mexico City,
Sunday, August 8, 1926.

MY DEAR HARVEY:

The church bells of Mexico are silent. From the silvery tinkle of the tiny clapper swung by the altar boy as he motions the faithful to their knees, to the rumbling, resonant clangor of the giant bronze bells in the cathedral towers summoning the lowly hordes to early mass, the chimes are hanging motionless; and for the first time in 400

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]



Crowds before the Mexico City Cathedral as the edict became effective.

The Newest Product of CHRYSLER STANDARDIZED QUALITY

FINEST OF FOURS

$750

F.O.B. DETROIT

With only four other cars of large production in the four-cylinder field, it is exceedingly easy to recognize the outstanding values of the Chrysler "50" and decide which car to buy.

In point of full size and ample seating room; beauty of design and finish; power, speed and economy, the Chrysler "50" stands out so unmistakably that you recognize the price at once as far and away the greatest offering ever made in four-cylinder cars.

The Chrysler plan of Quality Standardization differs from, and is superior to, ordinary manufacturing practice and methods, because it demands fixed and inflexible quality standards which enforce the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assemblage—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80".

Coupe $750 - *Coach* $780 *Sedan* $830

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONT.

CHRYSLER "50"

BUILT AS ONLY CHRYSLER BUILDS

Chrysler Model Numbers Mean Miles per Hour

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

years—aye, four centuries and seven years—the Sabbath morn is deathly quiet. And the pigeons coo and preen their iridescence undisturbed in the countless belfries that rear their buttressed towers from the Rio Grande to the Maya ruins of Yucatan.

I have been in Mexico for several days; and I shall stay here for several weeks, watching the sudden, unexpected, and exceedingly bitter war between the government of Plutarco Elias Calles and the Roman Catholic Church. It is a strange conflict and a strange country.

As I stroll to and fro about the land, pausing bewhiles to converse with the chieftains in both desperate camps, I shall drop you a line now and then to tell you what I learn.

A strange country, in truth, with its Indian-Spanish mestizo background, its romance, its cruelty, mysterious impulses, unbounded generosity and hospitality, ravishing politeness, unsparing hatreds, unforgetting revenges, picturesque costumes, lovely maidens, weird revolutionary predilections, and inscrutable Latin philosophy and viewpoints.

Attributed to General Winfield Scott, probably erroneously, is an old poem containing this thought:

"Mexico City, a valley nestling among its floating islands between ranges of snow-crowned mountain peaks, is a paradise whose flowers are without perfume, whose birds are without song, whose women are without virtue, and whose men know not what honor is."

This is unkind; and it is only three-quarters true. Mexico's women are like women everywhere—as virtuous as their men permit them to be.

NO fragrance dwells in any blossom in all this charming valley; no native bird has ever sung a note; and, unhappily, honor is a commodity highly observed in the masculine breach.

And if Mexico has presented a baffling surface and a little comprehended profundity to the Anglo-Saxon spectator, lo! these many centuries, it is a far more bewildering prospect today.

Today, priests are in hiding, growing mustaches to thwart the Federal Secret Service police; religion is dispensed by ecclesiastical bootleggers, who bless their flocks in obscure patios and in darkened rooms; the age of the Catacombs and the fugitive Christian martyrs is at hand once more; and foreign and native business is harried on the one hand by insatiable tax collectors, on the other by a sovietized union labor that teaches its children the tenets and philosophy of Karl Marx. Of all this, my friend, you shall have a plethora of detail in these epistles.

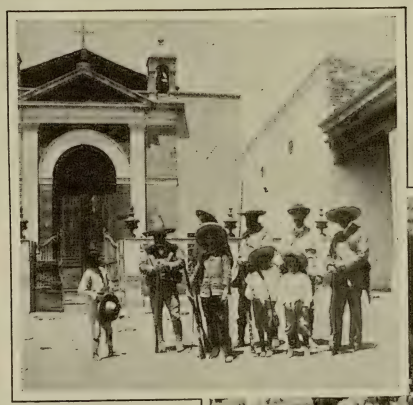
Today I went to church. Five days I had passed in gathering preliminary impressions, and in listening to the sentinels on the front lines of this religious struggle.

Beggars and cargadores, newsboys and lottery-ticket venders, hotel servants and bootblacks, clerks and mail carriers, tram motormen and waiters—these are the privates without voice in the spiritual war, and if their views be humble, surely they are indicative of what the little folk think about the controversy.

Later, I shall knuckle the portals of the generalissimos and question them. And you shall have their views exactly as they utter them, without distortion, without favor, without fear—and without propaganda. Perchance the genuine truth of this quarrel may be found in what they tell me, and in what I observe of the working of their programs.

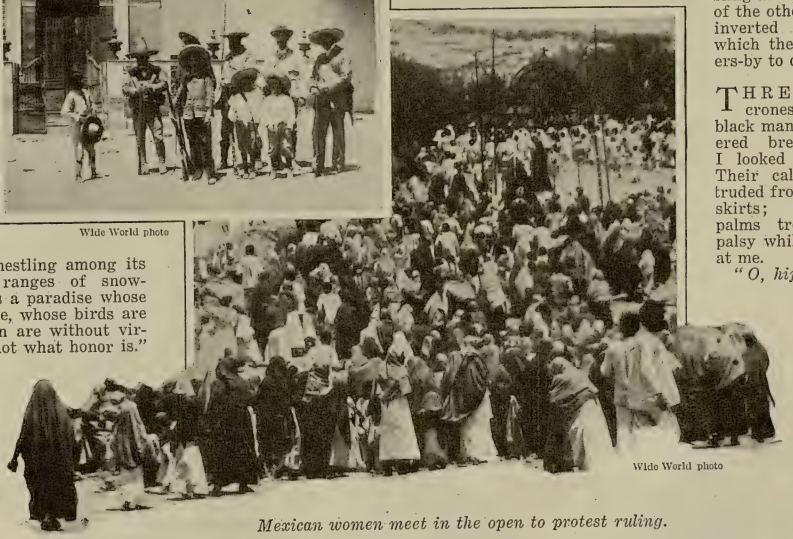
One thing is positive: I have no opinion one way or another. These letters shall be simply a record of a reporter's observations.

When I awoke in the strange silence of this sweet, dew-drenched Sunday morning, so unlike the 21,165 Sunday mornings that have dawned over Mexico since Cortez nodded to his adventuring padres to ring the first Catholic bells back in 1519—when I wakened and lay straining my ears for the tremendous, melodious clamor I was wont to hear in my boyhood, it struck me that it might be well to hasten to a Catholic church and see what effect the religious battle was having on a small fraction of the 11,000,000 adherents to that creed in this land of 15,000,000 souls.



Wide World photo

NONDESCRIPT soldiers guarding a small church in the capital.



Wide World photo

Mexican women meet in the open to protest ruling.

I DID not go to the great cathedral facing the Zocalo—and likewise facing the frowning eyes of the government palace which also adorns one side of that historic plaza.

Timidity and uncertainty as to the purposes of the Federal authorities on this first Sabbath of the crisis, might keep the natives away from that conspicuous spot; and I wanted to see how a Catholic flock, not under surveillance, would act while its shepherd was in hiding.

So I sought out an obscure little temple in the poorer quarters—pitiful slums, where dwell a vast percentage of the humble, hopeless, hungry, miserable peons who so far outnumber the selfish, cruel, rapacious native "aristocracy," which stalks grimly about on recently sandaled feet and flaunts an artificial civilization borrowed from every other nation. Mexico, you know, has no culture of her own, unless she acknowledges her Indianship, and *that* you can see whining for alms outside your passenger-train windows.

La Iglesia del Sagrado Corazon de Jesus stood dreaming in the sun. In its lone tower hung three silent bells. A solitary gendarme on a distant corner leaned against a yellow adobe wall and slumbered, his chin buried in his cape. The barred windows of the houses were deserted.

Lazy dogs against the curbs deputized their hind paws into posses and pursued nimble fleas about their mangy hides. A cab driver and his equally emaciated horses dozed in the warmth and silence.

A blear-eyed pelado knocked cryptically on a blue-stained door and was hurriedly admitted into a pulque shop—for saloons are supposed to be closed on Sundays.

On the narrow sidewalk on either side of the ancient, wondrously carved panels of the great double doors of the church, crouched five beggars. Two of them were filthy, verminous veterans in rags, blind and toothless and rocking to and fro, one scrofulous hand fumbling at a rosary, the talons of the other clutching their inverted sombreros, into which they besought passers-by to drop a coin.

THREE dreadful old crones sat muffled in black mantillas, their withered breasts visible as I looked down on them. Their calloused feet protruded from beneath greasy skirts; their upturned palms trembled as with palsy while they peered up at me.

"*O, hijito de mi alma,*" they quavered, —"*una caridad, por el amor del santo Dios en los cielos!*"

And so "a little charity for the love of the sainted God in His heavens," came their way, as I dropped a few centavos in their hands.

As I stepped into the cool blue shadows of the little Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, I turned, hat in hand, and looked out across the saffron, sunlit street. A military band in a distant plaza seemed a miniature orchestra above the flat housetops. On the farther sidewalk stood three old couples and two young girls.

They glanced up and down the street, observed that the sleepy policeman had not stirred, and came hurriedly forward. As they reached the high doorsill, they bent one knee, crossed themselves, arose, and passed into the interior. I followed.

No matter how small these Mexican churches seem from the outside, once you enter, a feeling of vast space is experienced. This one was no exception. Eight huge pillars, four on either side, rose towering to the arched ceiling, where they spread, frond-like, in all directions to support the dome. Between these pillars were pews separated by an aisle leading to the altar. Between the pillars and the walls were long corridors with curtained confessional booths every few yards.

I stood a moment waiting for my eyes to readjust themselves from the glaring sunlight outside to the shadows of the nave.

Hanging on the walls and on the pillars were paintings of saints; and in mural niches stood figures of the apostles and other holy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MACHETE VERSUS THE CROSS (A LETTER FROM MEXICO) Continued from Page Nineteen]

men, looking out from their recesses as they had looked out for decades.

Through stained glass images representing the Fathers of the early Church, rainbowed sunlight streamed from the lofty dome to a spot in front of the pulpit, whose carved oak canopy and railing were elevated on a spiral stairway between two of the pillars halfway down the interior.

A maiden hurried by me, caught her black shawl under her chin with her left hand, dipped the fingers of her right into a little marble font, drew a damp cross on her forehead, knelt at the end of a pew, and made the sign of the cross four times—two small ones, one on her brow, one on her mouth and chin; one from throat to sternum and from breast to breast, and a final, all-embracing cross from forehead to breastbone and from armpit to armpit.

Then she sidled into the pew and joined her sisters in Christ, kneeling on a little bench, fingering the beads of her rosary, and joining her murmurs to the murmured Aves droning throughout the twilight of the edifice.

OF the 200 persons present, all but thirty were women—old women; middle-aged; young girls, and barefooted infants, sucking fragments of fly-specked candy. The confessionals were empty, the drapes drawn back. The perforated tins through which the priests were wont to hear the whispers of the penitents kneeling outside, were now rusty and blackened by the disuse which followed President Calles' declaration of war on sacerdotal offices.

Except for a tall, mahogany clock ticking slowly in the stillness, and the electric chandeliers, now unlighted, which hung on immensely long, slender wires from the distant ceiling, there was nothing modern in this church;

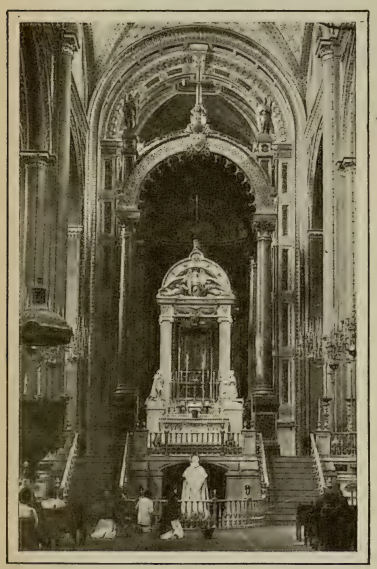


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

Interior of the Cathedral of Guadalupe.

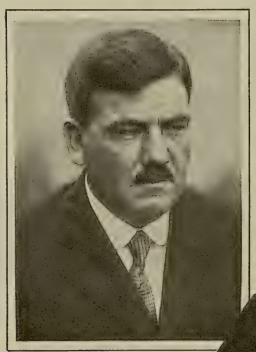
nothing that could not have been placed there three centuries agone.

But one thing *was* missing. One vital thing. There was no guardian for this unhappy flock. The towering, ornately gilded altar was empty.

I made my way quietly through the dancing motes of tinted sunlight to the front pew and sat down to study the effect of Mexico's overt break with that Church to which so many of her inhabitants vow deathless allegiance.

On the steps and platform of the altar were candles larger than a man's arm, standing ten feet high in immense candlesticks, covered with gold foil. They were not lighted. The whilom acrid odor of the swinging censer was absent.

Above the shelves of the altar, which was draped with priceless linen drawn-work and supporting a huge missal, and ringed about the alcove, were scores of small red and white tallow candles. From these, motionless pinpoints of light were gleaming.

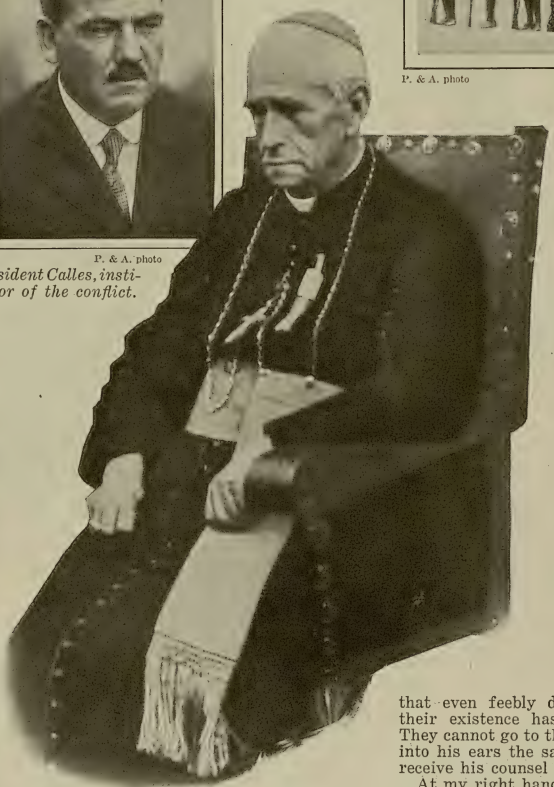


P. & A. photo

President Calles, instigator of the conflict.

Part of President Calles' bodyguard.

P. & A. photo



Archbishop Jose Mora y del Rio, head of the Mexican branch of the Church.

In the exact center of the altar, stood a transparent glass receptacle filled with oil, bearing on its still bosom a tiny lighted taper. It and its predecessors had floated there, unextinguished, God knows for how many generations!

The central figure above the terraced shelves was a marble sculpture of the agonized Christ, stumbling to His knees beneath the weight of an ebony cross. Ruby drops fell from the sculptured thorns entwined about His brow. On an arch far above this sad figure were the words, "Parce, Domine, Parce Populo Tuo."

Everything seemed empty, forlorn, profane. Behind me, the elevated pulpit was empty. The great altar was empty. The confessionals were empty. Most of the pews were empty.

Harvey, the hearts of the little flock were empty. They were empty and misery-laden and destitute of hope.

The poor old men, the little clerks with their hair sleeked back, the urchins and the grandmothers and matrons and girls, kneeling hither and yon, all were groping and perplexed and disconsolate. Their priest was in hiding.

MY friend, whether parental guidance, spiritual preference, or adult ratiocination has turned one's feet along other paths to the Unknown that lies beyond the grave, it is no light thing, I take it, to rob a man of the comfort, and the solace, and the strength that he finds in his chosen credo.

Here is a nation of hard-working, poverty-haunted, illy-nurtured, unenlightened peons—for whom life in its happiest phases holds little but woe, and degradation, and dismal prospect.

The only ray of light that even feebly dispersed the darkness of their existence has been taken from them. They cannot go to the sympathetic padre, pour into his ears the sad saga of their days, and receive his counsel and his blessing.

At my right hand came distinctly the murmurs of several intelligent-looking women reading from a typewritten paper, of a size they might hastily conceal in the folds of their mantillas. I leaned toward them to hear what the heart of priest-robbed Mexico had to say about the robbers.

They were reading, half aloud, what seemed to be a special prayer for Mexico. One would recite a few lines, and her companions, glancing apprehensively about, as if they feared the heavy-browed, saturnine eyes of President Calles might be staring at them, answered with other lines from their slips of paper.

"O Dios mio," quoth the moving lips of her who led the prayer; "O my God, have Thou mercy on Mexico in her day of labor and of sorrow."

"Mercy, dear Lord, mercy; infinite mercy and pity without bounds," came the response.

"Thou knowest, Jesu Cristo, that it is

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

H·M·Victoria Eugenia *Queen of Spain*

A recent portrait of Her Majesty, Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, here reproduced by gracious permission of Her Majesty to the Pond's Extract Company

HER MAJESTY, Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, is the embodiment of queenly beauty. She is granddaughter of Queen Victoria, niece of King Edward VII, and cousin to the reigning King of England. When as a Princess of the British royal household, she married the dark imperious King of Spain, she was "a beauty from the North, with pale golden hair, wild rose complexion and eyes of malachite blue." Today as Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, and mother of six lovely children, she is more beautiful, more regal than ever.

THE gold-lined silver Tiffany jars below, chased and engraved with the royal crest and monogram and filled with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, were recently sent by the Pond's Extract Company as a gift for Her Majesty's dressing table. Her Majesty, who uses the creams, has expressed her royal pleasure in them.

The silver jars recently sent for Her Majesty's use on her dressing table

IF you would like to try these delicate creams of which Her Majesty has signified her appreciation—Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and preserving the fine texture of the skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for lending an exquisite finish, a foundation for powder and complete protection against exposure—read the offer below.

FREE OFFER: Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams and directions for using.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. K
155 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name_____

Street_____

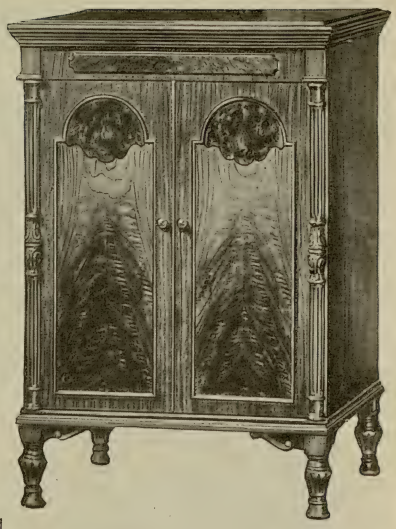
City_____ State_____

For a Name!

$5000

IN PRIZES

We want a name and an advertising slogan which suggest the naturalness... the photographic quality... of the music of Brunswick's new musical instrument



$5,000 in prizes for a name and slogan describing the lovely music of this new Brunswick reproducing musical instrument

IN the past few years, thanks largely to radio, tremendous new developments have taken place in music recording and reproduction.

We have had a prominent part in these. The Brunswick Panatrope, world's first purely electrical reproducing musical instrument, is our invention, perfected in collaboration with Radio Corporation of America, General Electric Company, and the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company.

In recording, also, one of the very greatest developments is our own. This is the "Light-Ray" electrical recording process (music by photography) whereby the entire range of musical sound is recorded *naturally*.

Another triumph

Now we have applied our talent and experience to an entirely new musical instrument that puts the magic of "music by photography" within the reach of everyone. This new musical instrument has been in process of development for two years in our laboratories. In its making, we have studied every important development in sound reproducing. Besides, we have made tremendously important discoveries of our own which are incorporated in it.

Contest closes December 15 at midnight!

Today, this musical instrument is finished. We offer it to you — an instrument that will bring you the music of the new electrical records with a beauty and faithfulness to the original exceeded by no other instrument except our own Brunswick Panatrope.

The music of the Brunswick Panatrope is unique because the reproduction is *electrical*. This is the instrument which held a New York concert-hall audience *captivated* with its music. The first time a *machine* ever successfully replaced human performers! The great metropolitan newspapers accorded the first Panatrope demonstrations front-page space. Critics and laymen alike proclaimed it the greatest musical achievement of the age.

As important as the Panatrope

Brunswick's new musical instrument is an achievement quite as important as the Panatrope. For every home may now enjoy the new "music by photography." The new musical instrument dispenses with the electrical mechanism of the Brunswick Panatrope and its prices are lower, ranging from $115 to $300 (slightly higher west of the Rockies). For us to attempt to describe the music of this newest invention would be futile. Hear it!

What Shall We Call It?

WE WANT a name and slogan (slogan not to exceed 10 words) that describe the naturalness — the photographic truthfulness — of the beautiful music of this new Brunswick musical instrument. For such a name and slogan we will gladly pay the following:

First Prize $3000

Second Prize $1500 Third Prize $500

RULES

1. Contest opened August 14. Closes at midnight, December 15, 1926. Anyone may compete except Brunswick employees.
2. The above prizes are offered for name and slogan together, not separate. A name will not be considered apart from the slogan that accompanies it, and vice versa. Any number of names with slogans may be entered. The same slogan may be offered with various names, and vice versa. There is no restriction regarding the kind of name, whether coined, from a foreign language, etc. The slogan **must not exceed 10 words in length.**
3. Write or type on one side of paper only, putting name on one line with accompanying slogan underneath it. Be sure to write your own name and address on each sheet of paper.
4. Entries should be sent to Box 0000, Prize Dept., The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago. OR YOU MAY DEPOSIT THEM IN SPECIAL BOXES PROVIDED FOR THE PURPOSE IN BRUNSWICK STORES. Any Brunswick dealer will play the new Brunswick instrument for you without obligation.
5. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical in all respects with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.

Find a name

We want a name for this newest musical invention. A name that suggests the naturalness, the photographic likeness to the original, of its music. So we offer prizes totaling $5,000 for a name and an advertising slogan, latter not to exceed ten words, that will convey to others an idea of its music. Read our offer. Hear the instrument demonstrated at a Brunswick dealer's. Then send us your suggestions. If you wish, you may deposit them in special boxes which Brunswick dealers have for this purpose.

Booklet gives details

To help you, we have prepared a booklet which describes the new Brunswick musical instrument and which states in detail the facts about the Brunswick Prize Offer. It is not necessary to have this booklet in order to compete, for full information is presented here, but this booklet may help you immensely. You may obtain it either from a Brunswick dealer or by writing us direct.

FILL IN, CLIP AND MAIL

Box P-184, Prize Dept.,
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.,
623 South Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Please send free booklet describing the new Brunswick musical instrument and $5,000 prize offer.

.....

.....

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

General Offices: 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

against the wishes of Thy children that Thy holy church should be tormented, her sanctity betrayed, and her innocence violated."

"Yes, beloved Father, all that we could do, that have we done. Yet, if it be not sufficient, if we have been remiss in aught, deal Thou leniently with us and manifest to Thy eager servants how better we may serve."

"AND Thou, blessed Mother of Christ, soften the hearts that are hard; make more tender those who oppress us and through us deny Thee; teach those who rule us in temporal unkindness that love is a rod we fain would kiss."

"But if it be Thy blessed will, precious Virgin of our hearts, that we should suffer still longer, then instruct us that we may endure without complaint and without faltering."

There was a fluttering sound as the women turned the pages of their printed intercession for fortitude and relief.

"Forgive Mexico," the leader's lips quivered. "Forgive the land which has loved the Lamb of God, lo, these many centuries."

"The little bruised Lamb, dear God," the others sobbed; "the little Lamb now wretched in the land that in silence still worships and adores."

My eyes were wet; I could stand no more such poignant grief. As I walked slowly past the outer ends of the pews, beyond the soaring pillars, old men and women lifted their hands aloft and gazed dumbly at the empty altar. The shaft of sunlight had moved, and in its rainbow heart an ancient woman knelt weeping.

And as I emerged from the temple and passed the undeloused mendicants on the flagstones, a squad of soldiers tramped down the street, turned a corner, and disappeared. Behind them came a touring car filled with mustachioed officers in olive drab and Sam Browne belts, automatic pistols in holsters, and a cluster of riot guns on the seat beside the driver.

They glanced at the church, laughed at a remark one made, and slowly followed the file of infantry out of sight.

I shook the sleepy gendarme and he told me it was one of the patrols going about the city on this first Sunday of Mexico's religious conflict. They were not needed, at least here in the capital, for the Catholic legions have no militant leader and no arms and no funds.

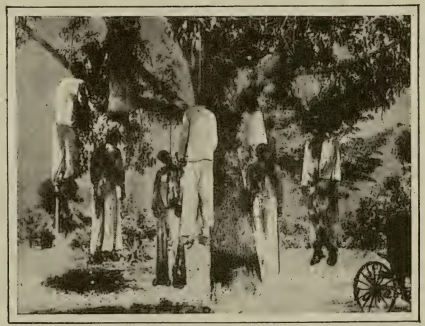
I say here in the capital, Harvey; but in some of the other cities and in the less populous districts there has been trouble. In Guadalajara where, with the approval of the president and his bolshevik advisers, the National Catholic Church was organized a year or so ago, there has been much violence. How much, it is difficult to say.

Reports in this country are rumors and, as such, improper in the realm of accurate reporting. They are more improper when they are difficult to confirm, and even more so, when every incident is magnified and distorted and related to suit the propagandizing purposes of the narrator.

One report has it that more than fifty persons have died in Guadalajara, lovely second city of the republic. Another rumor discounts this and explains that a crowd of Catholic fanatics attacked a group of police guarding a church, and that in the quarrel two peons and one gendarme were killed and several others injured.

But here is one dreadful rumor I have been able to confirm; that is, I have substantiated it so far as a camera's truthfulness may be trusted:

It seems that last March—this trouble started in January, and in my next letter I'll tell you all about that phase of it—in the village of Jalisquillo, which is in the Territory of Nayarit, a member of the lower house of the national Congress, one Juan Moreno, took the law into his own hands.



Peons selected at random and hung after a church raid in a small village.

Surrounded by half a dozen armed plunderers, this individual tactfully waited until the villagers were gathered at early mass, and then raided the church. They entered with shouts and curses, to terrify the peons and their women. The old priest stopped the services and asked Moreno the reason for such sacrilege. The Congressman retorted that mass was prohibited, and that he had come to expel the worshipers, arrest the priest, and seal the doors of the church.

The old man asked for permission to remove the sacred vessels —they were pitifully poor in this parish — to his residence; but Moreno and his gang grabbed the chalice and incense container. The priest then quickly swallowed the Host to save it from their profane hands, and Moreno and his accomplices shot him dead.

With a howl of fury and sorrow, the congregation attacked the invaders and in the fight Moreno was fatally wounded. The peons had no guns, and it would seem obvious that the bullet came from one of the weapons of his excited companions.

In any event, the Federal troops rounded up the villagers the next day and questioned them. Unable to learn the identity of the assassin, they calmly selected nine Catholic peons and hung them to a tree in front of the church. I am sending you a photograph of the tree with its fruit of death. You can see by the cotton clothing and the sandals of the victims, the humble caste to which they belonged.

I'll write you again in a few days, after I have looked about a bit. Since no subject is properly covered until both sides are known, I shall merely relate what they say and what I see.

AT this writing I do know certain things—and after I check and cross-check on them, I'll treat of them fully. For example, the boycott declared by the Catholic episcopate is tearing the life out of business all over the republic. Even apart from this, industry and commerce are desperate; harassed as they are constantly by tax gluttons on the one hand, and, on the other, by the demands of the bolshevik leaders who are running organized labor and enriching themselves in the process.

Mexico is galloping amuck, and the whole structure is tottering, in spite of the armed peace President Calles has been able to maintain, a peace that still requires armed escorts on every passenger train. No concern can keep going when it is conducted on a wholly selfish and one-sided basis.

Calles is shrewd. He is not molesting the American or other foreign Protestants, which of course keeps other nations from interfering. But heed this prophecy: If he wins this fight against Rome, he will turn ruthlessly on the other creeds and rend them. He then will need only to quote what the Protestant leaders are now saying—that he is right and justified in his war on the Catholics.

And he will only have to quote the reports carried back to the United States by the herds of deluded Americans he and his bolshevik agents escort about this country, paying their expenses, and persuading Protestants that, in ten days, they have learned all about a country it would take ten years to begin to understand! I shall have more to say later about these personally conducted tours.

With kindest regards to yourself and any inquiring friend, dear Harvey, I am,

Affectionately,

Sidney Sutherland

Another letter from Mr. Sutherland, telling the underlying causes and historical background of this unusual struggle, will appear in an early issue. He will deal not only with conditions in the capital, but also of those in the smaller cities and districts which he knows so well.

Test this new After-shaving Comfort FREE!

WHAT do you do to your face after shaving? Just dab on powder? Powder blots up moisture—that's what it's for. Try Aqua Velva, Williams new after-shaving liquid, FREE. It conserves the natural moisture in the skin, so necessary to all day face comfort.

Aqua Velva's 5 After-Shaving Comforts

1. It tingles delightfully when applied.
2. It gives first aid to little cuts.
3. It delights with its man-style fragrance.
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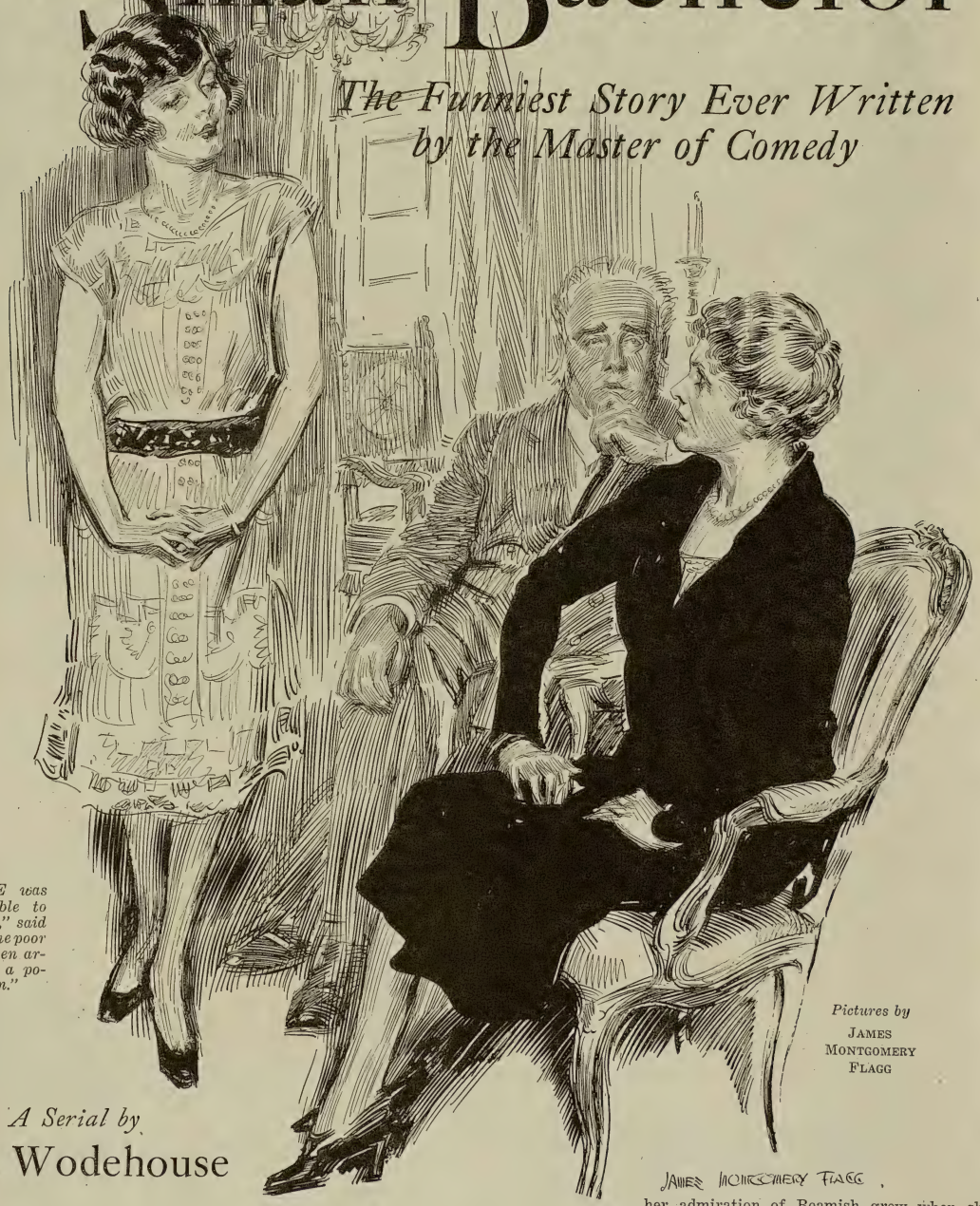
The Small Bachelor

The Funniest Story Ever Written by the Master of Comedy



"GEORGE was not able to come here," said Molly. "The poor pet has been arrested by a policeman."

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

A Serial by

P. G. Wodehouse

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

J. HAMILTON BEAMISH, fixer extraordinary, would have given freely of his vast intellectual endowment to guide George Finch in his love affair with Molly Waddington, society heiress, if a disturbing element had not entered his own life. That element was Madame Eulalie, palmist to rich dowagers. This expert in second sight completely bowled over Beamish's contempt for love at first sight. Her conquest of Beamish was complete, when he called to enlist her support on behalf of George and Molly. And her admiration of Beamish grew when she observed his verbal castigation of Garroway, the poetic policeman, who disguised himself as Delancy Cabot, society man, seeking to entrap her in the act of telling fortunes for money.

Mrs. Waddington, imperious and fat, learned from Madame Eulalie that Lord Hunstanton's

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

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PAINTED BY DONALD GARDNER

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

villainous past would rise up to prevent him from escorting Molly into the British peerage via the altar. Added to this shock was the news that Molly had kept a tryst with George at the cage of the Siberian yak at the Central Park zoo, and was now his betrothed. Mrs. Waddington decreed grimly that the marriage should never take place. A penniless, fortune-hunting artist like George Finch? Never!

But Molly pointed out that she still owned the $50,000 pearl necklace left by her own mother. They'd have oodles of money. Somehow, mention of the necklace caused great perturbation in the waffle-like brain of Sigsbee H. Waddington.

PART SIX

"WHATEVER is the matter, Sigsbee?" said Mrs. Waddington, annoyed.

Sigsbee H. seemed to be wrestling with acute mental agitation. He was staring at his daughter with protruding eyes.

"Did you say you were going to sell that necklace?" he stammered.

"Oh, be quiet, Sigsbee!" said Mrs. Waddington. "What does it matter whether she sells the necklace or not? The point is that this misguided girl is proposing to throw herself away on a miserable, paint-daubing, ukelele-playing artist . . ."

"He doesn't play the ukelele. He told me so."

". . . when she might, if she chose, marry a delightful man with a fine old English title who would . . ."

Mrs. Waddington broke off. There had come back to her the memory of that scene in Madame Eulalie's office.

Molly seized the opportunity afforded by her unexpected silence to make a counter-attack:

"I wouldn't marry Lord Hunstanton if he were the last man in the world."

"Honey," said Sigsbee H. in a low, pleading voice, "I don't think I'd sell that necklace if I were you."

"Of course I shall sell it. We shall need the money when we are married."

"You are not going to be married," said Mrs. Waddington, recovering. "I should have thought any right-minded girl would have despised this wretched Finch. Why, the man appears to be so poor-spirited that he didn't even dare to come here and tell me this awful news. He left it to you . . ."

"George was not able to come here. The poor pet has been arrested by a policeman."

"Ha!" cried Mrs. Waddington triumphantly, "And that is the sort of man you propose to marry! A jail-bird!"

"Well, I think it shows what a sweet nature he has. He was so happy at being engaged that he suddenly stopped at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue and started giving away dollar bills to everybody who came by. In about two minutes there was a crowd stretching right across to Madison Avenue, and the traffic was blocked for miles, and they called out the police reserves, and George was taken away in a patrol-wagon, and I telephoned to Hamilton Beamish to go and bail him out and bring him along here. They ought to arrive at any moment."

"MR. HAMILTON BEAMISH and Mr. George Finch," said Ferris in the doorway. And the nicely graduated way in which he spoke the two names would have conveyed at once to any intelligent listener that Hamilton Beamish was an honored guest, but that he had been forced to admit George Finch—against all the promptings of his better nature—because Mr. Beamish had told him to.

"Here we are," said Hamilton Beamish cheerily. "Just in time, I perceive, to join in a jolly family discussion."

Mrs. Waddington looked bleachingly at George, who was trying to hide behind a gate-leg table. For George Finch was conscious of not looking his best. Nothing so disorders the outer man as the process of being arrested and hauled to the coop by a posse of New York gendarmes.

George's collar was hanging loose from its stud; his waistcoat lacked three buttons; and his left eye was oddly discolored where a high-minded officer, piqued by the fact that he should have collected crowds by scattering dollar bills, and even more incensed by the discovery that he had scattered all he possessed and had none left, had given him a hearty buffet in the patrol-wagon.

"There is no discussion," said Mrs. Waddington. "You do not suppose I am going to allow my daughter to marry a man like that."

"Tut-tut!" said Hamilton Beamish. "George is not looking his best just now, but a wash and brush-up will do wonders. What is your objection to George?"

Mrs. Waddington was at a momentary loss for a reply. Anybody, suddenly questioned as to why one disliked a slug or a snake or a black-beetle, might find it difficult on the spur of the moment to analyze and dissect one's prejudice. Mrs. Waddington looked on her antipathy to George Finch as one of those deep, natural, fundamental impulses which the sensible person takes for granted. Broadly speaking, she objected to George because he was George. It was, as it were, his essential Georgeness that offended her. But, seeing that she was expected to be analytical, she forced her mind to the task.

"He is an artist."

"So was Michael Angelo."

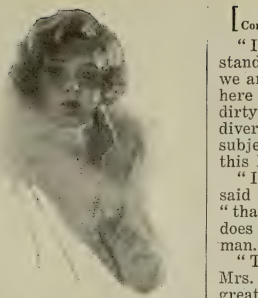
"I never met him."

"He was a very great man."

Mrs. Waddington raised her eyebrows.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"HERE we are," said Hamilton Beamish, "just in time to join in a jolly family discussion."



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[THE SMALL BACHELOR
Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

"I completely fail to understand, Mr. Beamish, why, when we are discussing this young man here with the black eye and the dirty collar, you should persist in diverting the conversation to the subject of a perfect stranger like this Mr. Angelo."

"I merely wished to point out," said Hamilton Beamish stiffly, "that the fact that he is an artist does not necessarily damn a man."

"There's no need," retorted Mrs. Waddington with even greater stiffness, "to use bad language."

"Besides, George is a rotten artist."

"Rotten to the core, no doubt."

"I mean," said Hamilton Beamish, flushing slightly at the lapse from the English Pure into which emotion had led him, "he paints so badly that you can hardly call him an artist at all."

"Is that so?" said George, speaking for the first time, and speaking nastily.

"I am sure George is one of the cleverest artists living," cried Molly.

"He is not," thundered Hamilton Beamish. "He is an incompetent amateur."

"Exactly!" said Mrs. Waddington. "And consequently can never hope to make money."

Hamilton Beamish's eyes lit up behind their spectacles.

"Is that your chief objection?" he asked.

"Is what my chief objection?"

"That George has no money?"

"But . . ." began George.

"Shut up!" said Hamilton Beamish. "I ask you, Mrs. Waddington, would you give your consent to this marriage if my friend George Finch were a wealthy man?"

"It is a waste of time to discuss such . . ."

"Would you?"

"Possibly I would."

"Then allow me to inform you," said Hamilton Beamish triumphantly, "that George Finch is an exceedingly wealthy man. His uncle Thomas, whose entire fortune he inherited two years ago, was Finch, Finch, Finch, Butterfield & Finch, the well known corporation law firm. George, my boy, let me congratulate you. Mrs. Waddington has withdrawn her objections."

Mrs. Waddington snorted, but it was the snort of a beaten woman, outgeneraled by a superior intelligence.

"But . . ."

"No." Hamilton Beamish raised his hand. "You cannot go back on what you said. You stated in distinct terms that, if George had money, you would consent to the marriage."

"And, anyway, I don't know what all the fuss is about," said Molly. "Because I am going to marry him, no matter what anybody says."

Mrs. Waddington capitulated.

"Very well! I am nobody, I see. What I say does not matter in the slightest."

"Mother!" said George reproachfully.

"Mother!" echoed Mrs. Waddington, starting violently.

"Now that everything is so happily settled, of course I regard you in that light."

"Oh, do you?" said Mrs. Waddington.

"Oh, I do," said George.

Mrs. Waddington sniffed unpleasantly.

"I have been overwhelmed and forced into consenting to a marriage of which I strongly disapprove," she said, "but I may be permitted to say one word. I have a feeling that this wedding will never take place."

"What do you mean?" said Molly. "It will take place. Why shouldn't it?"

Mrs. Waddington sniffed again.

"Mr. Finch," she said, "though a very incompetent artist, has lived for a considerable time in the heart of Greenwich Village and mingled daily with Bohemians of both sexes and questionable morals. . . ."

"What are you hinting?" demanded Molly.

"I am not hinting," replied Mrs. Waddington with dignity.

"I am saying. And what I am saying is this. Do not come to me for sympathy if this Finch of yours turns out to have the sort of moral code which you might expect in one who deliberately, and of his own free will, goes and lives near Washington Square. I say again that I have a presentiment that this marriage will never take place. I had a similar presentiment regarding the wedding of my sister-in-law and a young man named John Porter. I said, 'I feel that this wedding will never take place.' And events proved me right. John Porter, at the very moment when he was about to enter the church, was arrested on a charge of bigamy."

George uttered protesting noises.

"But my morals are above reproach."

"So you say."

"I assure you that, as far as women are concerned, I can scarcely tell one from another."

"Precisely," replied Mrs. Waddington, "what John Porter said when they asked him why he had married six different girls."

Hamilton Beamish looked at his watch.

"Well, now that everything is satisfactorily settled . . ."

"For the moment," said Mrs. Waddington.

"Now that everything is satisfactorily settled," proceeded Hamilton Beamish, "I will be leaving you. I have to get back and dress. I am speaking at a dinner of the Great Neck Social and Literary Society tonight."

The silence that followed his departure was broken by a question from Sigsbee H. Waddington.

"Molly, my dear," said Sigsbee H. "Touching on that necklace. . . . Now that this splendid young fellow turns out to be very rich, you will not want to sell it, of course?"

Molly reflected.

"Yes, I think I shall. I never liked it much. It's too showy. I shall sell it and buy something very nice with the money for George. A lot of diamond pins, or watches, or motorcars, or something. And whenever we look at them we will think of you, daddy dear."

"Thanks," said Mr. Waddington huskily. "Thanks."

"Seldom in my life," observed Mrs. Waddington, coming abruptly out of the brooding coma into which she had sunk, "have I had a stronger presentiment than the one to which I alluded just now."

"Oh, mother!" said George.

HAMILTON BEAMISH, gathering up his hat in the hall, became aware that somebody was pawing at his sleeve.

"Say!" said Sigsbee H. in a hushed undertone. "Say, listen!"

"Is anything the matter?"

"You bet your tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles something's the matter," whispered Sigsbee H. urgently. "Say, listen. Can I have a word with you? I want your advice."

"I'm in a hurry."

"How long will you be before you start out for this Hoboken clam-bake of yours?"

"The dinner of the Great Neck Social and Literary Society, to which I imagine you to allude, is at eight o'clock. I shall motor down, leaving my apartment at twenty minutes past seven."

"Then it's no good trying to see you tonight. Will you be home tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"Right!" said Sigsbee H.

* * *

"SAY, listen!" said Sigsbee H. Waddington.

"Proceed," said Hamilton Beamish.

"Say, listen!"

"I'm all attention."

"Say, listen!" said Mr. Waddington.

Hamilton Beamish glanced at his watch impatiently. Even at its normal level of imbecility, the conversation of Sigsbee H. Waddington was apt to jar upon his critical mind, and now, it seemed to him, the other was plumbing depths which even he had never reached before.

"I can give you seven minutes," he said. "At the end of that period of time, I must leave you. I am speaking at a luncheon of the Young Women Writers of America."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

"Say, listen!" said Sigsbee H. "I've gone and got myself into the devil of a jam."

"A position of embarrassment?"

"You said it!"

"State nature of same," said Hamilton Beamish, looking at his watch again.

Mr. Waddington glanced quickly and nervously over his shoulder.

"It's like this. You heard Molly say yesterday she was going to sell those pearls."

"I did."

"Well, say, listen!" said Mr. Waddington, lowering his voice and looking apprehensively about him once more. "They aren't pearls!"

"What are they, then?"

"Fakes!"

Hamilton Beamish winced.

"You mean imitation stones?"

"That's just what I do mean. What am I going to do about it?"

"Perfectly simple. Bring an action against the jeweler who sold them to you as genuine."

"But they were genuine then. You don't seem to get the position."

"I do not."

Sigsbee H. Waddington moistened his lips.

"Have you ever heard of the Finer and Better Motion Picture Company of Hollywood, Cal.?"

"Kindly keep to the point. My time is limited."

"This is the point. Some time ago a guy who said he was a friend of mine tipped me off that this company was a wow."

"A what?"

"A winner. He said it was going to be big and advised me to come in on the ground floor. The chance of a lifetime, he said it was."

"Well?" said Hamilton Beamish.

"Well, I hadn't any money—not a cent. Still, I didn't want to miss a good thing like that, so I sat down and thought. I thought and thought and thought. And then suddenly something seemed to say to me, 'Why not?' That pearl necklace, I mean. There it was, you get me, just sitting and doing nothing and I only needed the money for a few weeks till this company started to clean up and . . . Well, to cut a long story short, I sneaked the necklace away, had the fake stones put in, sold the others, bought the stock, and there I was, so I thought, all hotsy-totsy."

"All—what?"

"Hotsy-totsy. It seemed to me that I was absolutely hotsy-totsy."

"And what has caused you to revise this opinion?"

"Why, I met a man the other day who said these shares weren't worth a bean. I've got 'em here. Take a look at them."

HAMILTON BEAMISH scrutinized the documents with distaste.

"The man was right," he said. "When you first mentioned the name of the company, it seemed familiar. I now recall why. Mrs. Henrietta Byng Masterson, the president of the Great Neck Social and Literary Society, was speaking to me of it last night. She also had bought shares and mentioned the fact with regret. I should say at a venture that these of yours are worth possibly ten dollars."

"I gave fifty thousand for them."

"Then your books will show a loss of forty-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety. I am sorry."

"But what am I to do?"

"Write it off to experience."

"But hell's bells! Don't you understand? What's going to happen when Molly tries to sell that necklace and it comes out that it's a fake?"

Hamilton Beamish shook his head. With most of the ordinary problems of life he was prepared to cope, but this, he frankly admitted, was beyond him.

"My wife'll murder me."

"I'm sorry."

"I came here, thinking that you would be able to suggest something."

Hamilton Beamish regarded him sympathetically, but there was no light of encouragement in his eye.

"Short of stealing the necklace and dropping it in the Hudson River, I fear I can think of no solution."

"You used to be a brainy sort of gink," said Mr. Waddington reproachfully.

"I still am. But no human brain could devise a way out of this impasse. You can but wait events and trust to Time, the great healer, eventually to mend matters."

"That's a lot of help."

Hamilton Beamish shrugged his shoulders.

Sigsbee H. Waddington regarded the stock certificates malevolently.

"If the stuff's no good," he said, "what do they want to put all those dollar signs on the back for? Misleading people! And look at that seal. And all those signatures."

"I am sorry," said Hamilton Beamish. He moved to the window and leaned out, sniffing the summer air. "What a glorious day!"

"No, it isn't," said Mr. Waddington.

"Have you ever by any chance met Madame Eulalie, Mrs. Wad-

[CONT'D ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

"I like policemen," said Mr. Waddington affably.

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Side view of Saal Ec-centric Cone in comparison with the harp. Note the relation of short and long sides, giving proper vibrating area for both extremes of sound.

Saal Ec-centric Cone
Height 22 inches
$25

Junior Cone Model
Height 16 inches $15
Slightly more West of Rockies

H. G. SAAL COMPANY
1800 Montrose Avenue
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WORLD FAMOUS MAKERS OF
HORNS · CONES · PEDESTALS

"Like Sleeping On A Giant Pillow"

The Sealy

A Pillow for the Body.

$50.00 East of the Rockies

TUFTLESS MATTRESS.

Air-Woven of long fibre, virgin cotton.

(A PATENTED SEALY PROCESS.)

The Sealy is not just another mattress. It is different, fundamentally different.

The secret of its unmatched comfort lies in a patented Air Weave process which permanently knits millions of long staple, virgin cotton fibres into a single, giant, buoyant batt.

This batt, slipped into the specially woven Sealy tick, forms a great, tuftless pillow for the body; a mattress that will not become lumpy or hard, that needs no tufts.

Being tuftless, the Sealy's smooth, soft surface yields to your body like a giant pillow. Every muscle relaxes and you slip quickly into sound, healthful sleep.

An occasional sun bath is all the Sealy requires to preserve its buoyant softness through many, many years of sleep service.

Not only the most comfortable, but in the end the most economical mattress you can buy. Ask your dealer to show you the famous Sealy Tuftless.

"The Largest Selling Staple Cotton Mattress in the World"

Sealy Supreme Spring

A double deck spring that is designed to give you a new depth of relaxing comfort and years of service. Can not sag, or lose its shape. Has ninety-nine coils of the finest tempered steel spring wire; one-piece, round-cornered, all-steel frame and cross-lace helical top. Adjustable to fit wood or steel beds.

Combined with the World Famous Sealy Tuftless, it affords you the very acme of sleeping comfort. Ask your dealer to show you this wonderful Sealy Spring.

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Memphis . . . . Tenn.	Detroit . . . . Mich.	Denver . . . . . Colo.	St. Louis . . . . Mo.	Little Rock . . . Ark.
New York . . . N. Y.	St. Paul . . . . Minn.	Los Angeles . . . Cal.	Chicago . . . . Ill.	Atlanta . . . . Ga.
Buffalo . . . . N. Y.	Richmond . . . Va.	San Francisco . Cal.	Salt Lake City . Utah	New Orleans . . La.
Pittsburgh . . . Pa.	Kansas City . . Mo.	Tigard . . . . Oregon	El Paso . . . . . Tex.	San Antonio . . Tex.
				Seattle . . . . Wash.

THE SEALY CORPORATION.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

dington's palmist?" asked Hamilton Beamish dreamily.

"Darn all palmists!" said Sigsbee H. Waddington. "What am I going to do about this stock?"

"I have already told you that there is nothing that you can do, short of stealing the necklace."

"There must be something. What would you do if you were me?"

"Run away to Europe."

"But I can't run away to Europe. I haven't any money."

"Then shoot yourself . . . stand in front of a train . . . anything, anything," said Hamilton Beamish impatiently. "And now I must really go. Good-by."

"Good-by. Thanks for being such a help."

"Not at all," said Hamilton Beamish. "Don't mention it. I am always delighted to be of any assistance—always."

He gave a last soulful glance at himself in the mirror and left the room. Mr. Waddington could hear him singing an old French love-song as he waited for the elevator, and the sound seemed to set the seal upon his gloom and despair.

"You big stiff!" said Mr. Waddington morosely.

He flung himself into a chair and gave himself up to melancholy meditation. For a while all he could think of was how much he disliked Hamilton Beamish.

And that idiotic suggestion of his about stealing the necklace! How could he possibly . . .?

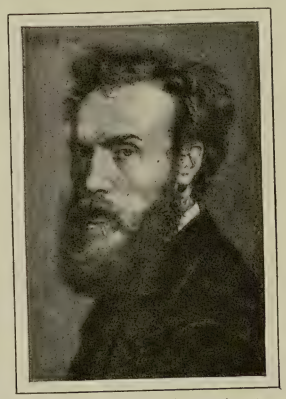
SIGSBEE H. WADDINGTON sat up in his chair. There was a gleam in his eyes. *Was* it such an idiotic suggestion, after all?

He gazed into the future. At the moment the necklace was in safe custody at the bank, but, if Molly was going to marry this young Finch, it would presumably be taken from there and placed on exhibition among the other wedding presents. So that ere long there would undeniably be a time—say, the best part of a day—when a resolute man with a nimble set of fingers might . . .

Mr. Waddington sank back in his chair again. The light died out of his eyes. Philosophers tell us that no man really knows himself; but Sigsbee H. Waddington knew himself well enough to be aware that he fell short by several miles of the nerve necessary for such an action. Stealing necklaces is no job for an amateur. You cannot suddenly take to it in middle life without any previous preparation. Probably every successful stealer of necklaces underwent rigorous and intensive training from early boyhood, starting with milkcans and bags at railway stations, and working his way up. What was needed for this very delicate operation was a seasoned professional.

And there, felt Sigsbee H. Waddington bitterly, you had in a nutshell the thing that made life so difficult to live—the tragic problem of how to put your hand on the right specialist at the exact moment when you required him. All these reference-books like the Classified Telephone Directory omitted the vital trades—the trades whose members were of assistance in the real crises of life. They told you where to find a Glass Beveler—as if anyone knew what to do with a Glass Beveler when they had got him! They gave you the address of Yeast Producers and Designers of Quilts; but what was the good of a producer of yeast when you wanted someone who would produce a jimmy and break into a house, or of a designer of quilts when what you required was a man who could design a satisfactory scheme for stealing imitation pearls?

Mr. Waddington groaned in sheer bitterness of spirit. The irony of things afflicted him sorely. Every day the papers talked about the crime wave; every day a thousand happy crooks were making off in automobiles with a thousand bundles of swag, and yet here he was in



Michael Angelo was an artist, too.

urgent need of one of these crooks, and he didn't know where to look for him.

A deprecating tap sounded on the door.

"Come in!" shouted Mr. Waddington irritably.

He looked up and perceived about seventy-five inches of bony policeman shambling over the threshold.

"I BEG your pardon, sir, if I seem to intrude," said the policeman, beginning to recede. "I came to see Mr. Beamish. I should have made an appointment."

"Hey! Don't go!"

The policeman paused.

"But as Mr. Beamish is not at home . . ."

"Come right in and have a chat. Sit down. My name is Waddington."

"Mine is Garroway," replied the officer, bowing courteously.

"Pleased to meet you."

"Happy to meet you, sir."

"Have a cigar."

"I should enjoy it above all things."

"I wonder where Mr. Beamish keeps them," said Sigsbee H., rising and rooting about the room. "Ah, here we are. Match?"

"I have a match, thank you."

"Capital!"

Sigsbee H. Waddington had been bemoaning the fact that he did not know where to lay his hand on a crook, and here, sent from heaven, was a man who was probably a walking directory of malefactors.

"I LIKE policemen," said Mr. Waddington affably.

"That is very gratifying, sir."

"Always have. Shows how honest I am, ha, ha! If I were a crook, I suppose I'd be scared stiff, sitting here talking to you." Mr. Waddington drew bluffly at his cigar. "I guess you come across a lot of criminals, eh?"

"It is the great drawback to the policeman's life," assented Officer Garroway, sighing. "One meets them on all sides. Only last night, when I was searching for a vital adjective, I was called upon to arrest an uncouth person who had been drinking home-brewed hooch. He soaked me on the jaw, and inspiration left me."

"Wouldn't that give you a soft-pine finish!" said Mr. Waddington sympathetically. "But what I was referring to was real crooks. Fellows who get into houses and steal pearl necklaces. Ever meet any of them?"

"I meet a great number. In pursuance of his duty, a policeman is forced against his will to mix with all sorts of questionable people. It may be that my profession biases me, but I have a hearty dislike for thieves."

"Still, if there were no thieves, there would be no policemen."

"Very true, sir."

"Supply and demand."

"Precisely."

Mr. Waddington blew a cloud of smoke.

"I'm kind of interested in crooks," he said. "I'd like to meet a few."

"I assure you that you would not find the experience enjoyable," said Officer Garroway, shaking his head. "They are unpleasant, illiterate men with little or no desire to develop their souls. I make an exception, I should mention, however, in the case of Mr. Mullett, who seemed a nice sort of fellow. I wish I could have seen more of him."

"Mullett? Who's he?"

"He is an ex-convict, sir, who works for Mr. Finch in the apartment upstairs."

"You don't say! An ex-convict and works for Mr. Finch? What was his line?"

"Inside burglary jobs, sir. I understand, however, that he has reformed and is now a respectable member of society."

"Still, he was a burglar once?"

"Yes, sir."

There was a silence. Officer Garroway stared thoughtfully at the ceiling.

"Say, listen!" said Mr. Waddington.

"Sir?" said the policeman.

"Suppose, just for the sake of argument, that a wicked person wanted a crook to do a horrible, nefarious job for him, would he have to pay him?"

"Undoubtedly, sir. These men are very mercenary."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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NO longer do you need to sacrifice smartness and individuality when the sky is threatening. Bright-colored, distinctive Raynsters have solved the problem.

Wherever correctness in clothes counts most, you see these smart coats. And Raynster style is matched only by Raynster quality. Only genuine Raynsters have that brilliant, *permanent* lustre obtained by an exclusive United States Rubber Company process.

Raynsters come in many different colors to suit your fancy, or in black rubber surface, in tweeds, cashmeres or other popular weaves with the rubber inside. A dealer near you has them. There are styles and sizes for men and women, boys and girls.

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She doesn't fear the dentist

Wise men and women go to the dentist at least twice a year for a thorough mouth inspection. They don't put off the dental appointment until forced to seek relief from pain and the dentist has to hurt. If you see your dentist in time he can keep your teeth and gums healthy and may prevent serious illness.

Neglect Punishes

FOUR out of FIVE

Failure to take a few simple precautions lets pyorrhea, dread disease of the gums, become entrenched in the mouths of four out of five at forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

Start today to brush teeth and gums night and morning with Forhan's if you would be with the lucky who escape pyorrhea's ravages. Forhan's firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It doesn't give this insidious infection chance to steal upon you.

If you have tender bleeding gums go to your dentist immediately for treatment and use Forhan's regularly. The chances are your own dentist will recommend it. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid dentists use to combat pyorrhea.

Besides safeguarding your health, Forhan's is a pleasant tasting dentifrice that gives the teeth perfect cleansing; and forestalls decay.

Include Forhan's in your daily hygiene for your health's sake. Pyorrhea is no respecter of persons. Four out of five is its grim count. At all druggists', 35c and 60c in tubes.

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Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

[THE SMALL BACHELOR Continued from Page Thirty-three]

"Pay him much?"

"I imagine a few hundred dollars. It would depend on the magnitude of the crime contemplated, no doubt."

"A few hundred dollars!"

"Two, perhaps, or three."

Silence fell once more. Officer Garroway resumed his inspection of the ceiling. What he wanted was something signifying the aspect of the streets of New York, and he had used "sordid" in line two. "Scabrous!" That was the word. He was rolling it over his tongue when he became aware that his companion was addressing him.

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

Mr. Waddington's eyes were glittering in a peculiar way. He leaned forward and tapped Officer Garroway on the knee.

"Say, listen! I like your face, Larrabee."

"My name is Garroway, sir."

"Never mind about your name. It's your face I like. Say, listen, do you want to make a pile of money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I don't mind telling you that I've taken a fancy to you, and I'm going to do something for you that I wouldn't do for many people. Have you ever heard of the Finer and Better Motion Pictures Company of Hollywood, California?"

"No, sir."

"That's the wonderful thing," said Mr. Waddington in a sort of ecstasy. "Nobody's ever heard of it. It isn't one of those worn-out propositions like the Famous Players that everybody's sick and tired of. It's new. And do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to let you have a block of stock in it for a quite nominal figure. It would be insulting you to give it you for nothing, which is what I'd like to do, of course. But it amounts to the same thing. This stock here is worth thousands and thousands of dollars, and you shall have it for three hundred . . . Have you got three hundred?" asked Mr. Waddington anxiously.

"Yes, sir. I have that sum, but . . ."

MR. WADDINGTON waved his cigar.

"Don't use that word 'but'!" I know what you're trying to say. You're trying to tell me I'm robbing myself. I know I am, and what of it? What's money to me? The way I look at it is that, when a man has made his pile, like me, and has got enough to keep his wife and family in luxury, the least he can do as a lover of humanity is to let the rest go to folks who'll appreciate it. Now you probably need money, eh?"

"I certainly do, sir."

"Then here you are," said Mr. Waddington, brandishing the bundle of stock certificates. "This is where you get it. You can take it from me that the Finer and Better Motion Pictures Company is the biggest thing since Marconi invented the phonograph."

Officer Garroway took the stock and fondled it thoughtfully.

"It's certainly very nicely engraved," he said.

"You bet it is! And look at those dollar signs on the back. Look at that seal. Cast your eye over those signatures. Those mean something. And you know what the motion pictures are. A bigger industry than the beef business. And the Finer and Better is the greatest proposition of them all. It isn't like other companies. For one thing, it hasn't been paying out all its money in dividends."

"No?"

"No, sir! Not a cent that way."

"It's all still there?"

"ALL still there. And, what's more, it hasn't released a single picture."

"All still there?"

"All still there. Lying on the shelves, dozens of them. And then take the matter of overhead expenses, the thing that cripples all these other film companies. Big studios . . . expensive authors under contract . . . high salaried stars . . ."

"All still there?"

"No, sir! That's the point. They're not there. The Finer and Better Motion Pictures Company hasn't any of these Rex Beaches and Gloria Swansons eating away its capital. It hasn't even a studio."

"Not even a studio?"

"No, sir. Nothing but a company. I tell you it's big!"

"It sounds like the opportunity of a lifetime," Officer Garroway agreed.

"A dozen lifetimes. And that's the way to get on in the world—by grabbing your opportunities. Why, what's a grapefruit but a lemon that saw its chance and made good?" Mr. Waddington paused. He snatched the bundle of stock.

"No!" he said. "No! I can't let you have it, after all."

"Oh, but, Mr. Waddington!"

Sigsbee H. Waddington seemed to come out of a trance. He shook himself and stared at the policeman as if he were saying, "Where am I?" He heaved a deep, remorseful sigh.

"Isn't money the devil!" he said. "Isn't it terrible the way it saps all a fellow's principles and good resolutions! Here am I, with millions in the bank, and the first thing you know I'm trying to resist a generous impulse to do a fellow human being, whose face I like, a kindly act. It's horrible!" He wrenched the bundle from his pocket and threw it to the policeman. "Here, take it before I weaken again. Give me the three hundred quick and let me get away."

"I don't know how to thank you, sir."

"Don't thank me, don't thank me. One-two-three," said Mr. Waddington, counting the bills. "Don't thank me at all. It's a pleasure."

Undoubtedly there's a conspiracy on to tie George Finch up in so many knots that you'll laugh yourself sick watching him squirm out. Another woman enters his life next week.

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Announces the new

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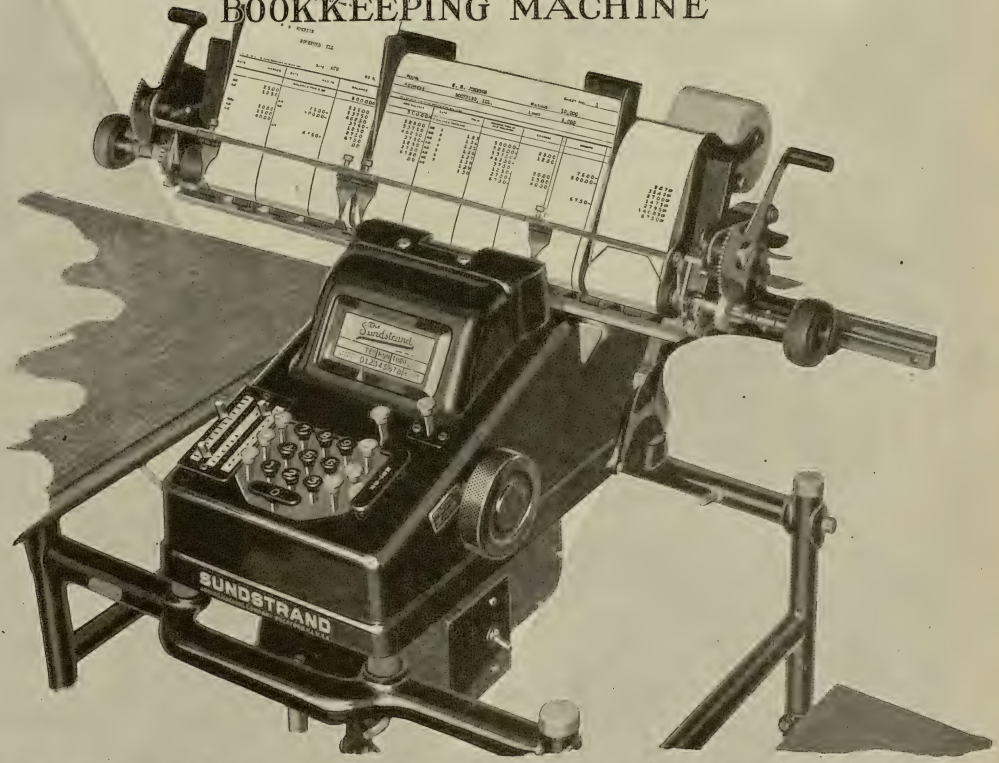

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Superb!

Of the few cars which may fairly be described as superb there is none more so than the ELCAR 8-in-Line 7-passenger Sedan here pictured. Compare it as you will, with what other cars you will, and the result must inevitably be in its favor . . . Fifty-three years of coach-craft have gone into its design and body construction [ELCAR bodies are ELCAR-made—an advantage, of course]. Chassis and motor form a unit worthy of the body . . . There is no finer American car than this, and none so fine at comparable cost . . . These claims are strong, and so deserving of investigation. We urge and welcome such investigation. Make it immediately—through the booklet we offer here first, perhaps; of the car itself at the first opportunity.

May we send this booklet?

Should you lack an immediate opportunity to see and drive the ELCAR 7-passenger 8-in-Line Sedan, you can study its revealing specifications in this booklet—a copy will be sent you on request if there is no dealer in your vicinity.

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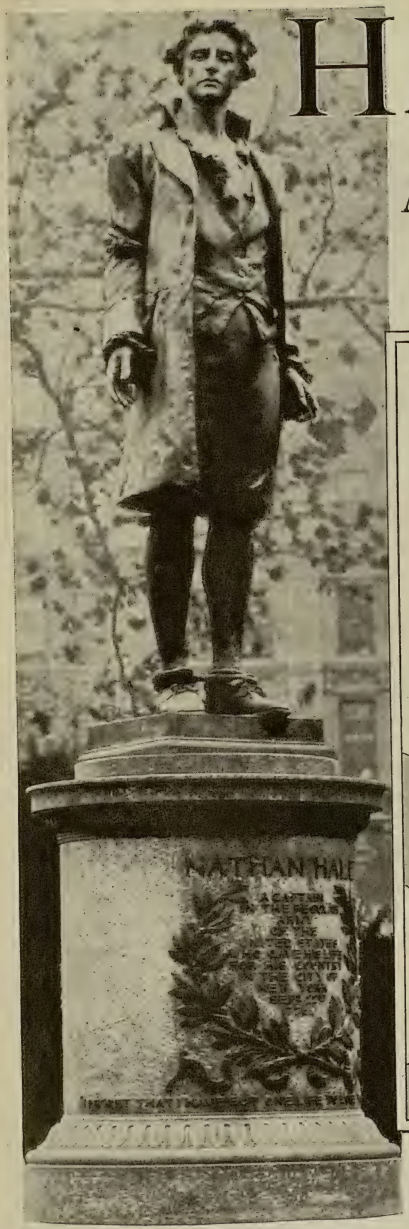
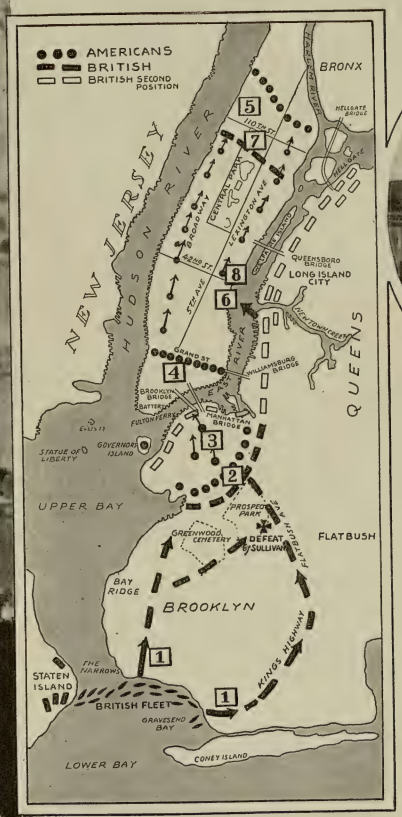
A WELL BUILT CAR

HALE *was* HANGED AT 45th St. & 1st Ave., N.Y.

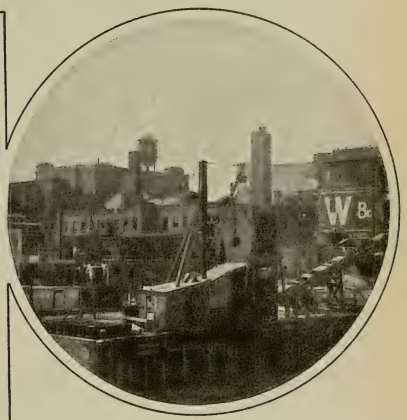
150 Years Ago



Monument to Nathan Hale, now standing in City Hall Park, New York City.



Map tracing British and American operations on Long Island and Manhattan, showing where Hale was captured and executed—(1) British troops and lines of advance; (2) Battle of Long Island; (3) line of American retreat to Manhattan; (4) Washington's original line on Manhattan; (5) Battle of Harlem; (6) where Howe's army crossed to Manhattan; (7) where Hale was captured; (8) where Hale was executed.



Where the American martyr was executed, as it looks today—Forty-fifth Street at the East River.

An Article by
HUGH FULLERTON

FIRST AVENUE, in New York City, dips a little where it crosses Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth streets. Great factory buildings, power houses, and high tenements line the wide thoroughfare over which trucks clang and roar. A short block eastward, the befouled waters of the East River ebb and flow between encroaching docks. A curve in the shore line there shows where Turtle Bay once was a cleft in rocky shores, and where a creek emptied into it.

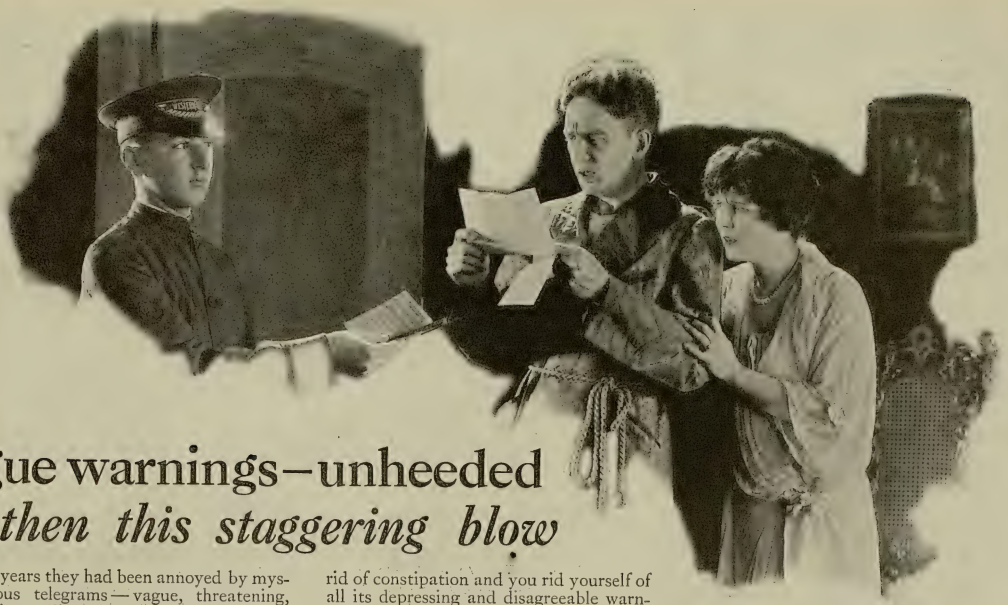
Near that spot on the overcast morning of September 22, 1776—150 years ago—an appealing tragedy of American history was enacted. Under a tree at the corner of an artillery park, where the British cannon had been dragged ashore to batter Washington's army, a boy, handsome, well born, a Yale graduate, stood with brave eyes and head erect while a Provost Marshal, who had torn up the boy's last letter to his mother before his eyes, placed a rope around his neck and signaled to the red-coated mercenaries to drag him upward.

The boy was Nathan Hale, whose words, reported by his own executioners, have become an expression of American ideals: "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

NATHAN HALE was of old New England stock, son of a minister and pioneer teacher. He was born June 6, 1755, went to Yale when he was seventeen, and was graduated in September, 1773. He was handsome, athletic, six feet tall. He planned to enter the ministry later, but after graduation taught school at East Haddam, Connecticut. There he fell in love with Alice Adams, the village beauty. The next year he became teacher and part owner of Union Academy at New London, continuing his studies for the ministry while teaching.

On April 20, 1775, a rider came to New London in haste, bearing word of Lexington and the shot that was heard round the world. That day Nathan Hale closed his school and joined Captain Coat's company to march on Boston; he was with the patriots who flocked to encircle the British on July 1, 1775. He was assigned to the Seventh Regiment of Washington's army and commissioned second lieutenant, being sent to New London to recruit volunteers. He brought back about thirty men, many of them his former pupils, and spent weeks drilling them on Winter Hill, overlooking Roxbury. On January 1 he was commis-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]



Vague warnings—unheeded *then this staggering blow*

For years they had been annoyed by mysterious telegrams—vague, threatening, hinting at dire calamity. Both tried to ignore them, to hide them from each other.

Then, one midnight, came a message—unmistakably clear—inescapably malignant. It cut to the quick, brought forth a cry of agony. Both man and wife, in that instant, knew their lifelong ambitions were ruined.

* * *

Symptoms of constipation are messages like these. Vague, mysterious, threatening telegrams from the nerve centers, warnings that something is wrong. Men and women count it bravery to ignore these warnings, to hide them from each other. Then, suddenly, the sharp pain comes. Something of vitality has gone forever. Only quick medical or surgical attention will save what is left of life itself.

What messages are these?

The symptoms of constipation—*headaches, tiredness, dizziness, sleeplessness, despondency, irritability, blurred vision*—these are the telegraphic warnings of vital diseases. They are the signals that the poisons of constipation have already begun their deadly work on vital organs.

When you wait for these symptoms before applying a remedy you are delaying until the damage is done. Physicians say every time you take a cathartic, purge or laxative for constipation you are forcing some organ or gland to exhaust itself. Eventually the organ fails. That ruins your life.

The real remedy lies in preventing the symptoms by *removing* the cause. Get rid of constipation and you rid yourself of all its depressing and disagreeable warnings. You are safe and you are happy.

A Safe Way to Freedom

Constipation is today's most prevalent ill. Nine people out of ten take some remedy for constipation—good or bad. Often the good ones are taken too late—after, instead of before, the symptoms. Bad remedies hasten constipation's injury.

Neither diet nor exercise is a complete solution. Too much bulky, self-eliminating food can cause undernourishment. Over-exercise often strains seriously. Faced with these difficulties many thousands have found freedom from constipation in the physician-prescribed Nujol, the *nature-given* liquid. A swallow of Nujol night and morning—with its pleasant taste of toasted nuts—corrects and prevents constipation and helps heal intestinal irritations.

There is no drug or laxative in Nujol; it is an unmedicated nature-product. It has the marvelous power of not being digested; therefore every drop of Nujol reaches the large intestine—the seat of constipation—without change. It softens the impacted waste matter or debris. This makes passage thorough, complete, regular and timely, preventing the accumulation of poisons, and pollution of the blood.

This real happiness

Have you ever known what it is to be entirely free from all the symptoms of constipation's attack on vital organs? No more headaches. No more sudden tiredness, arresting your progress. No more fretting over trifles, worry and despondency. Nor bad temper. Nor nausea, nor feverishness in stomach. Nor dull eyes, nor sallow skin, nor face lined with worry.

Recently we asked a thousand men and women, selected at random from the many thousands who take Nujol, just why they continued it even after all signs of constipation had fled. One-third of the answers were: *because Nujol is such a fine tonic.* As a matter of fact, Nujol is not a tonic; it is entirely non-medicinal.

Health is the real tonic. Nujol merely gives your body the chance to gain health and to keep it, because entirely free of constipation's poison.

Whatever your condition

Nujol is prescribed by physicians for men, women and children, for all ages from the first month of life to the hundredth year. Nujol is a boon to the invalid and the athlete, to the business man and the expectant mother. No physical weakness is taxed by Nujol; it acts on constipation alone, and independently of the rest of the body. Nujol simply lubricates the large intestine. It is natural and mild in its action, non-irritating, non habit-forming.

Start new health TODAY

Take a swallow of Nujol night and morning for a week. Soon you will find that you can decrease the amount and still maintain that astounding feeling of well-being which makes many men and women believe that Nujol contains a marvelous tonic.

If freedom from constipation with all its disturbing symptoms of jaded nerves, weakened organs and poisoned blood interests you, start taking Nujol today. All druggists carry it in three sizes for your convenience.

Go to your druggist for Nujol *now* or send the coupon for trial bottle. This trial bottle is to prove to you at our expense what thousands of physicians and others have proved to themselves—that Nujol is good for every-*body*.

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Constipation

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"Regular as Clockwork"

Accept This TRIAL Offer

Nujol Laboratories, Room No. 832D, 26 Broadway, New York City

Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page, illustrated booklet, "Defeating the Enemy of Health." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

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Address.....

City..... State.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

sioned Captain by John Hancock.

On St. Patrick's Day the British were forced to evacuate Boston, sailing away to Halifax. Amid the celebration, Washington was anxious. He knew the British were landing heavy forces at Halifax, and that, when summer came, his raw, untrained forces must face trained British troops; hired Hessians, with superior artillery and arms. He decided they would strike at New York, capture the Hudson River Valley, divide New England from the South, and break the backbone of the Colonies. That is exactly what the British did — and that was their strategy during the entire war.

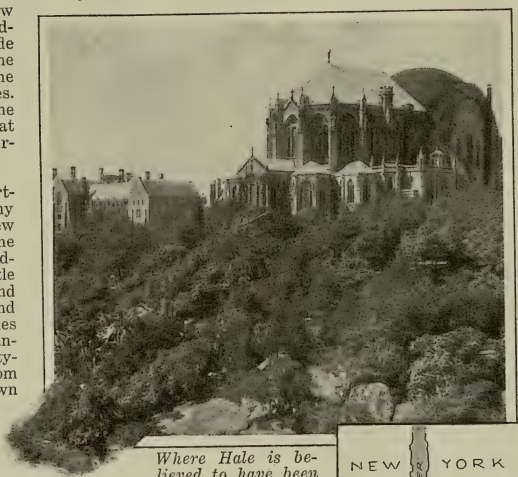
WASHINGTON started with his army from Boston for New York two days after the British sailed. He landed, March 30, at Turtle Bay, just south of the end of Blackwell's Island and on the lands of James Beekman, whose mansion stood where Fifty-first Street now is. From there they marched down what is Third Avenue, into the Bowery, and so into New York. Fortifications were thrown across the island on the line of Grand Street extending past the Bowery, and Captain Webb's regiment held the line at the Bowery. Nathan Hale was a member of this regiment, having been transferred at Boston.

Washington studied the situation and was forced to split his army, sending the greater portion to Long Island, manning Grand Street lightly, and putting a small force on Governor's Island.

The British fleet entered the Narrows on June 28, landing and occupying various points on Staten Island. There Lord Howe sat and waited, studying the American positions. Washington was in desperate need of knowing what Howe's plans were. He had no Intelligence Department excepting about 120 picked men under Colonel Knowlton, who were experienced French and Indian War scouts. Washington's headquarters were at Camp Washington, now Fifth Avenue and Fifth to Ninth streets, Brooklyn.

Howe had better information. He saw the weakness of Washington's position. Crossing the Narrows from Staten Island on August 22, he landed his army, 22,000 trained men, at Gravesend Beach, where Fort Hamilton is now. He moved on in three columns; one toward Greenwood Cemetery, one to Flatbush and the lower end of Prospect Park. The third, led by himself, and much the strongest, moved rapidly toward the northeast, until it reached King's Highway. Howe intended to hit at the left wing of the American army, push it back, force the march across the island to Hell Gate, cross to Harlem, and separate Washington's main army from that of General Heath at King's Bridge. Thus he would hem Washington's troops within the city.

The British on Long Island moved along what is now Fourth Avenue in Brooklyn; a division split off from them, to judge from British war maps, about where Bay Ridge Avenue cuts across, and moved forward about where Fort Hamilton Parkway is. Howe seems to have started northeast, then turned and come down a road that is now Flatbush Avenue. The Americans were entirely at sea as to where he planned to strike. Foggy weather screened Howe's movements.



Where Hale is believed to have been captured — now Morningside Heights, at the northwest corner of Central Park.

Sketch map showing (1) where Hale started on his tragic expedition to get through the British lines; (2) where he was captured on his attempt to return; and (3) where he was executed.

It was the first real battle of the Continental Army. Washington planned well; but he erred in leaving a gap in his lines, and in failing to keep contact with the enemy, or to know his movements.

ON the night of August 22, under cover of fog, Howe moved his third column rapidly to the right, circled the American pickets, and got between the main body of Washington's troops and the detached bodies in Greenwood Cemetery and Prospect Park, cutting the American army in three parts.

The Americans had about 11,000 troops for active service in Brooklyn, and were striving to hold a line which curved, roughly, along the slopes of the heights from Gowanus Bay to Wallabout Bay—with trenches, forts, and tangled abatis of felled trees. The American line was broken in spots, with strong outposts on the wooded heights of what are now Prospect Park and Greenwood Cemetery. Howe had fifty-two large ships, twenty-seven armed sloops, 400 transports, and 31,500 soldiers, largely Hessians under De Heister. Only about half actually took part in the battle. Howe's main army turned on King's Highway and circled the Americans' left. De Heister attacked in the center.

Howe's troops marched all the night of August 22. They reached the Red Lion Inn, swung to the left, and came down to what is now Atlantic Avenue. The line was quickly extended along what is now Flatbush Avenue, and attacked the Americans in Prospect Park. The main attack at that point started from what is now the subway station where you get off to go to Ebbets Field. The Americans, their lines cut in three places, were badly beaten. The main army was driven back across Gowanus Creek.

On the night of the 29th Washington moved his army across the river; thus he saved it. Most of the troops crossed near where the Brooklyn Bridge now stands, others to Governor's Island, and thence to the mainland. Others poured across the river in boats manned by Gloucester fishermen, from where the Navy Yard now stands. Still others crossed from the mouth of Newtown Creek.

Howe quickly brought up his artillery and mounted it on Brooklyn Heights, commanding Governor's Island and lower New York. He established his main camp at Hell Gate, gradually extending the line seven miles along the Brooklyn shore, and threatened all New York.

Washington had lost the Battle of Long Island chiefly through lack of information. Now he was desperately in need of knowing where Howe would strike.

Washington's desperate need of information had early in September forced an issue. Knowlton's Rangers, the most famous and experienced body in his army, were used largely in scouting—and in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

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LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

spying on the enemy, although they were not spies in the military sense. Young Hale's high sense of duty had caused him to seek this dangerous work for his country, and so he left the Seventh and was assigned as captain of one of the four Ranger companies.

Washington called Colonel Knowlton and laid the situation before him. He must know where Howe would strike. Knowlton called a conference of his officers, probably on September 8, and told them the Chief's wishes. Someone must enter the British lines and bring back information. In the midst of the conference Hale arose and said quietly, "I will undertake it."

Hale left the American army on either September 10 or 12. He made his way with Knowlton to Norwalk, Connecticut, where Captain Pond took him seventeen miles across the Sound in his sloop and landed him at Huntington, Long Island.

Before leaving Norwalk, Hale donned a brown suit and a cocked hat, and gave Knowlton all his papers and identifying possessions, except his Yale diploma.

AS a spy, Hale lacked cunning. He intended to pass as a Dutch schoolmaster, with a Yale diploma in the name of Nathan Hale in his possession.

On September 15, probably while Hale was crossing Long Island, Howe made his descent upon New York, crossing the East River and landing in force in Kip's Bay, now the foot of East Thirty-fourth Street. He moved forward and established his line across what is now One Hundred and Seventh Street, throwing up fortifications on the edge of the high rocky bluffs with a mile of rough ground between them and the Americans. On September 16 the Rangers drew a body of British outside their lines and, attacking them on the ground where Columbia University now stands, defeated them decisively in the Battle of Harlem Heights. Knowlton was killed.

From subsequent investigations, it was learned that Hale made his way from Huntington to Hempstead, then to Jamaica, and that he gained the British lines near Flushing. He reached Brooklyn unsuspected, crossed at Fulton Ferry, and was in New York. From the military figures sketched and rough maps found on him when he was captured, he must have succeeded in securing all the data needed regarding British strengths, guns, and placements.

General aspect today of the former British artillery park where the American martyr was executed—the East River front between Forty-fifth and Forty-seventh streets.

His plan, when he left, was to return over his first route. For many years it was believed he had done this; also that he was captured at Huntington, and brought to New York on a ship for trial and execution. This, however, was untrue. There were no ships at Huntington at that time, nor was there time enough between his capture and his execution for him to have been brought that distance.

For several generations, too, school histories have told that he was hanged to an apple tree in the orchard on what is now Chambers Street. British military records showed this also to be a myth. He was imprisoned four miles from the jail.

Just what happened no one knows exactly. But on September 22, in the afternoon, Major John Montressor, aide on Howe's staff, came through the British lines under a flag of truce bearing a message which struck sorrow into American hearts. The message said:

"A spy from the enemy (by his own full confession) apprehended last night, was this day executed at 11 o'clock in front of the artillery park."

Major Montressor added that the spy's name was Nathan Hale.

The news cast a shadow over the entire American army, and grieved Washington most of all. There is evidence that Washington conducted an investigation, and that some of the British officers, admiring Hale's gallantry, gave many details which were later patched together.

The best version is that Hale attempted to pass through the British lines somewhere between One Hundred and Tenth and One Hundred and Twelfth streets and, after passing the lines, encountered a picket post or a patrol, and was caught less than a mile from his own command.

General Howe was in the Beekman mansion, at the corner of First Avenue and Fifty-first Street. The British officers told the Americans that Hale acted in gallant style, admitted his mission, and stated he was only sorry he could not aid his country more. His exact words were not given, but some inspired patriot quoted him as saying: "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country," which he may or may not have said in those words.

He was imprisoned in a greenhouse near the Beekman mansion for the night. The next morning, Major Montressor gave him pen and paper and he wrote two letters—one to his mother and one to a fellow officer; the latter to bid farewell to Alice Adams.

HALE was turned over to Provost Marshal Cunningham, the most hated and brutal of the British officers. Cunningham took the letters from Hale and tore them up before his eyes, saying he did not want the rebels to know they had in their army a man who could die with such firmness.

He was then taken to the artillery park, a rope was placed over the limb of a tree, and he was hanged.

The mention of the trees and of Artillery Park fixes the place of Hale's martyrdom convincingly on the East River front between what are now Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth streets. The British, upon landing their army at the foot of Thirty-fourth Street, found it impossible to land their cannon there also. And so this was moved on up the river to the flats where a small creek came down into Turtle Bay. They dragged the ponderous guns up the creek bed at the foot of Forty-fifth Street, and parked them in an open space stretching up past Forty-sixth. This became known as Artillery Park.

Three trees have been established as having stood on a rocky knoll just north of Forty-fifth Street, overhanging the small bay. These are the only trees said to have been in Artillery Park, and so it must have been to one of these that Hale was hanged.

Hale died calmly and with a prayer, although Cunningham, it was said, refused to permit him to see a clergyman.

THE END

Another view of Turtle Bay where the British landed their cannon, as it looks today.

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We have a steady job now, escorting the Nines over to Zeebrugge and Bruges every morning.

War Birds

The Diary of an American Aviator Killed in France

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

EDITOR'S NOTE: Death stalked the author of this diary and came to him, just as he had predicted, in glorious combat in the sky. But not until he had set down the most amazing personal record that has come out of the war. His matter-of-fact descriptions of desperate, deadly air fights, his revelation of the terrifying strain under which the flying warriors waged their battles, constitute an epic of war without parallel. Many of the buddies mentioned by the author survived the war. They vouch enthusiastically for the diary as an authentic narration of their own experiences. The narrative comes to you just as the author penned it on the scarred battlefields of France and Flanders.

(The author is with Colonel Bishop's squadron on the British front. It is the critical time of the gigantic struggle of 1918 and aviation activity in both the Allied and German armies is incessant. Headquarters are near Dunkirk.)

PART ELEVEN

June 13.

WE have a steady job now, escorting the Nines over to Zeebrugge and Bruges every morning while they bomb the submarine bases. Bish leads the whole squadron and we are just spoiling for a good fight. The Nines take a half-hour start and we meet them at 12,000 feet out at sea. Then we climb together up to fifteen and come in over the Dutch border and shoot back across Belgium wide open. We stay up above them and they drop their bombs and one machine stays behind to take pictures of the hits. We get all the Archie that was intended for them.

There were some Fokkers up yesterday, but we were too strong for them and they wouldn't fight. We can see the ships that the British sunk in the harbors at Zeebrugge and Ostend. It doesn't look to me as if they are completely blocked. It was certainly a stout effort. We hear that they are going to do it again. They have dismantled some of the submarines and are taking them out over land from Bruges.

There is an American naval squadron at Dunkirk flying French machines. We ran into a couple of the pilots and had lunch with them at the Chapeau Rouge. We seem to be the only Americans in Europe that are really enjoying this war. All the others I have met seem to be having to work or sleep without sheets or eat out of mess kits or do something unpleasant to spoil their holiday.

June 14.

YOU can't appreciate the R. F. C. until you see a squadron on the move. We came back from a dose of Archie without suffering from his hate about 7 o'clock and after a good breakfast I got tired of baseball and decided

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

Surprises in the School Lunch Box

Fill the lunch box with little surprises—novel sandwiches, cookies cut in amusing shapes, wee packets of raisins or nuts. But remember, food value is the important thing; milk, the important food.

You'll be surprised at the extra nourishment you can squeeze into school lunches through simple dishes prepared with Carnation Milk—vacuum bottles of cream soup or cocoa, rice puddings, custards, blanc mange or tapioca puddings.

Carnation is simply pure, full-cream milk, evaporated to double richness, and "homogenized" to give every drop its share of the double helping of cream. In cooking results it surpasses even the finest bottled milk for flavor, richness, smooth and creamy texture, and dependability.

Carnation is extremely convenient—always available; and economical, eliminating waste. Use it once—you'll want it always.

Carnation Caramel Tapioca—½ cup small-grained tapioca; 2 cups Carnation Milk diluted with 2 cups water; 2 small eggs; few grains salt; 1 cup light brown sugar; 1 cup broken nut meats. Add tapioca, salt and sugar to hot diluted milk. Cook in double boiler for 25 minutes or until tapioca is transparent. Pour the hot mixture over thoroughly beaten eggs, stirring constantly. Return to fire and cook 2 minutes longer. Finally add nuts. Chill and serve with whipped cream. This serves eight.

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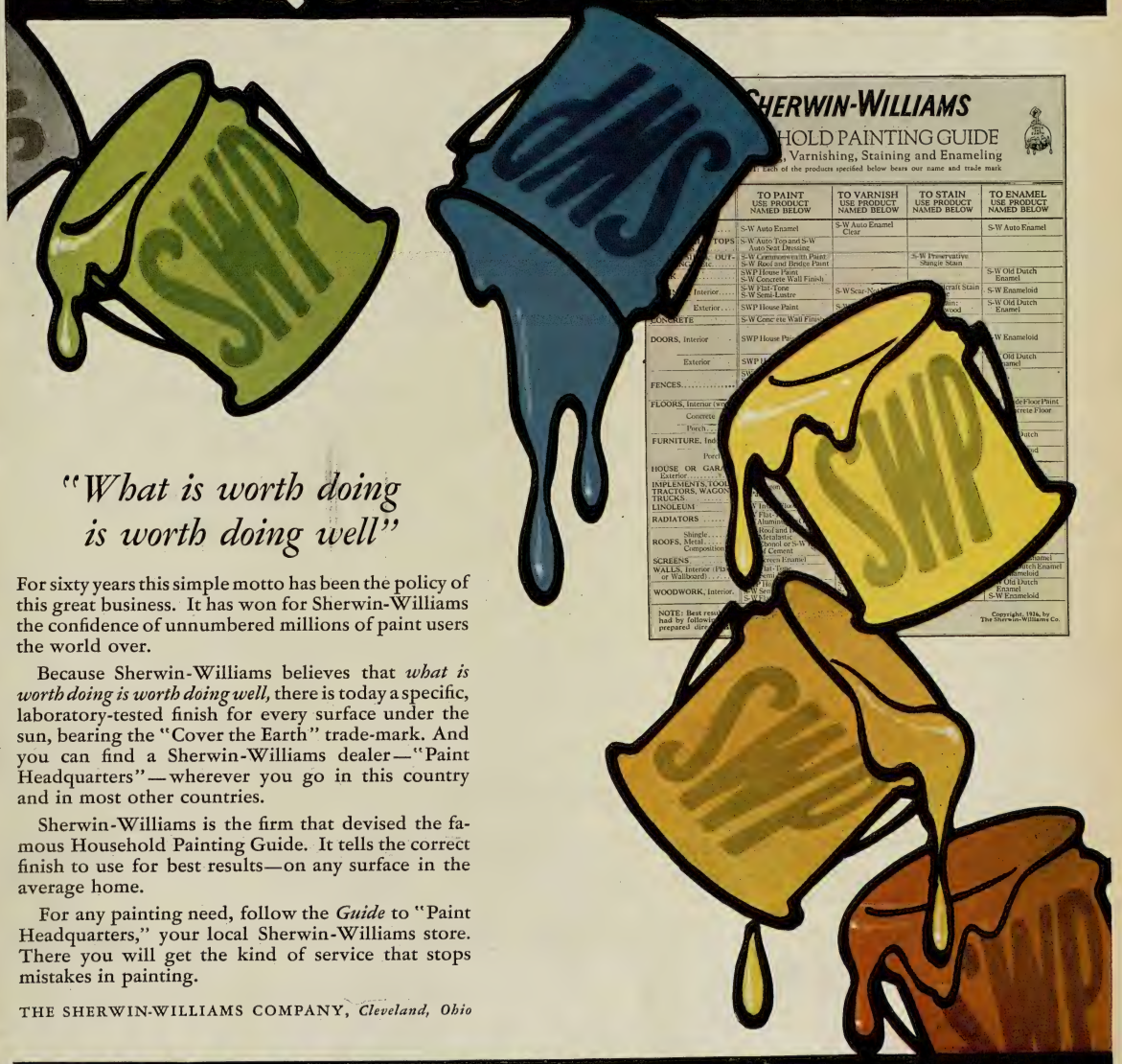

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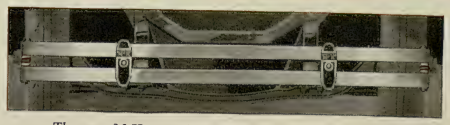


The name McKay stands for dependable bumpers as well as dependable tire chains. McKay Red Bead Bumpers "add good looks and protect good looks." McKay dealers have them on display.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

I'd take a nap. About ten my batman shook me and said, "Orders has come, sir, that we are to move at twelve o'clock."

At 12 o'clock our baggage, transport, equipment, and dogs left and at four we flew down to our new airdrome at St. Omer. We thought we might as well pick up a Hun on the way, so had a squadron show. Bish led and we crossed the lines at Wipers and worked on down south to the forest of Nieppe, but we didn't see anything. It was the wrong time of day. Early in the morning or late in the evening is best. That's our new beat, from Wipers to Nieppe. At one place near Hazebrouck, the ground for about three square miles is dull yellow in color. That's where there has been a gas attack.

OUR airdrome is an old French one on a plateau about three miles from St. Omer. They are expecting a big battle down here.

Our new quarters are very comfortable. We are up on a beautiful wooded hill overlooking the field and there's a pretty sylvan glade on the other side where we can lie and snooze. Not bad at all, but there's no place to swim.

After our transport left, we decided we'd go for a last swim and borrowed a tender from 211 to take us over to the beach by Fort Mardick. Randy came along and when he undressed he was certainly a sight. There's hardly a spot on his body that isn't cut or shot. He ought to be in a museum. His back and chest look like he was tattooed by one of those futurist artists.

We were out in the surf when we heard a terrible explosion and saw the smoke the other side of the fort. Before we could get out of the water, there were about four more. Randy yelled that the long-range gun was shelling the fort and to get out of the water on account of the concussion. We didn't know what to do. I never felt so naked in my life, standing there with shells bursting 200 yards away and the debris flying up 100 feet. We grabbed our clothes and ran for the tender, which was nearly a mile away. We beat all existing records getting there, and jumped into the tender and told the driver to drive like hell away from the fort. Then he told us what the trouble was. The French were exploding a lot of German mines that the mine sweepers had brought in. The joke was on us.

My new motor is a dud. It chewed up a valve, but I got back to the drome all right.

We're worried about Mac. When he was seen last we were going down on nine Huns about fifteen miles the other side of the lines. He got away from them all right, I think, but it's three hours since we got back and there's no word of him yet. I guess he had engine trouble, for there wasn't much of a scrap. If he only gets back across the lines! We are all rather nervous.

My dog has fleas.

June 17.

MAC was all right. He shot his own prop off, but he got back across the lines and landed about twenty miles from here all O. K. He came back on the truck that went after his plane, and brought a cow back with him, so we have our own dairy now. Rosie has been trying to milk his goat without success.

I got a paper from home and read a column by "Biddy Bye." She gives a Loyalty Menu for loyal housewives to serve poor starved patriots. It read like an a la carte menu at the Ritz before the war. I'd like to find the lady and shove her menu down her throat. Hope our "loyal ones" aren't getting thin and wasting away.

This is in a military zone and food and licker are scarce. We have to send to Dunkirk for extra supplies.

Springs had a letter from Kelly and he's ready to come out, and Bish is going to arrange for him to come to us.

We have another one of the Oxford Cadets with us, Jack Rorison, who is assigned to B flight. He's from Wilmington, North Carolina. He's a serious youth and can figure out anything on paper with a slide rule.

We have another patrol to do and then Bish and Nigger and the three of us are going over to their old squadron to dinner. As it is one of the best squadrons at the front, it ought to be a cheery evening. Bish and Nigger were both flight commanders there last year.

I had no idea there was so much to learn about this game. When you get to the front, you are just starting. There's something new to learn about your game every flight and then there're the idiosyncrasies of the Hun to be studied with your ear to the ground as well as the geographical and meteorological conditions.

For instance, there's a Hun balloon that's rather close to the lines. They always pull down the others when they see us coming, but they leave this one up. It looked like easy pickings and Springs and I asked Nigger if we couldn't drop down and get it some time when the wind was with us strong. Nigger said he'd investigate and that we'd better leave balloons alone until we were sent after them because they were very dangerous toys.

HE got word from the Brigade that this balloon is a dummy and is there as a decoy. About four Archie batteries have it ranged and instead of having a passenger basket, it's loaded with amanol, and as soon as some sucker dives on it, the Huns will explode it and that will be the last heard of him. And you have to come through the Archie barrage to get to it. Archie has no bite at all—all bark—but it's hard on the nervous system.

Mac fell in love with his host's beautiful niece and kept the truck waiting an extra day.

This is certainly a nice friendly little war. The Canadians originated that balloon trick.

June 18.

It was a good party. I think we won, as, when we left, their C. O. was doing a Highland fling with a couple of table knives for swords. Coming back, we just got inside the gates of St. Omer when the Huns began to bomb it. You should have seen us getting out of that town. Not a light showing anywhere, and crooked, narrow streets. Our chauffeur didn't know the town very well and we all five were yelling at him at the same time. A bomb burst about a block from us.

We were in bad shape for the early patrol. It was pretty dud looking when we got up at four-thirty. Nigger said he didn't think the fog would lift and there wasn't much use going out. He went back to bed and told Springs to take two of us up and do a safety-first patrol if it cleared up enough for us to get off. It cleared up about six and we took off and worked up toward Wipers.

SPRINGS led us about five miles over between Wipers and the forest of Nieppe, but we didn't see anything, as there was still a pretty heavy fog. We got a lot of Archie, but that was all. We had about given it up as a washout when we spotted a two-seater on the other side of Estaires. Springs waggled his wings and pointed and we waggled back that we thought it was a Hun, too, and then we went down with our motors wide open.

I warmed up my guns on the way down and was all ready. When Springs was about 400 yards away and 1,000 feet above him, the Hun turned and the observer opened fire on him as he came in close. Springs got underneath him and Cal came down and cut him off from the other side and made him turn back. I came straight down from above and he was right in position for me and I put in a good burst from both guns right into his cockpit. We were all firing and I could see my tracer going right into his fuselage. I almost ran him down and, just as I leveled off and pulled up, the Hun burst into flames and went down in a dive. The pilot must have fallen on his stick and I saw him go down like a comet. As he hit the ground, a pillar of flames and smoke shot up.

We were so low by that time that the machine guns and pom-poms on the ground opened fire on us and I had the pleasure of watching a few tracers go through my wings. We were too low for Archie.

Nigger said he'd sent us out to do a safe and sane patrol and not to win the war before breakfast. He bawled Springs out and said that by the law of average we should all have been killed. We didn't pay any attention to him because our heads were all swelled up over getting a flamer.

There was no use all three of us claiming the Hun and we were going to just one of us take him, and Cal and Springs were going to let me have him; but Canning, who saw the fight from a distance, put in a claim, too, because he said he was firing at him, so we all took one-fourth each. If Canning had kept out, one of us would have got credit for one whole Hun. Fractions don't mean anything. But as long as Canning was coming in anyway we might as well all stay in. But I know I got that Hun. Springs and Cal were firing at him, too, but I could see my tracer going right into his fuselage.

Bish got one about noon and Lady Mary went out and bumped off another one.

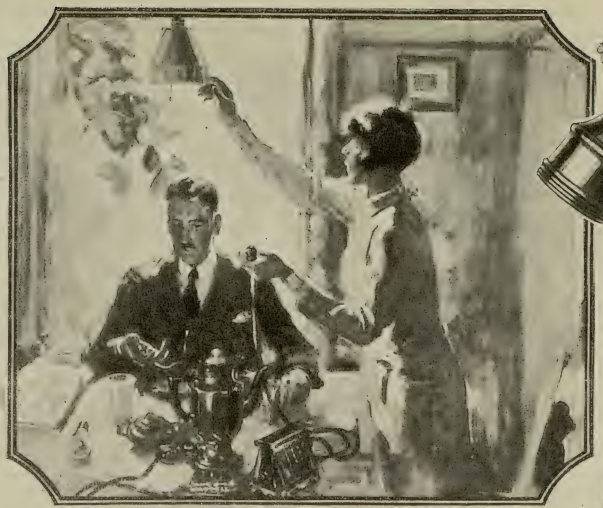
MacDonald has been missing since yesterday.

June 19.

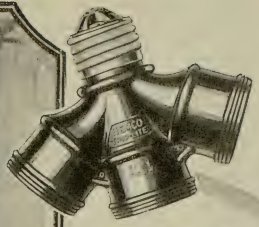
WE have got to get up every morning at three from now on and go down to the hangars and stand by and be ready to leave the ground at five minutes' notice. That means we have to keep our motors running to keep them warmed up. The Hun is supposed to be going to start a push any moment and everything is ready for the counterattack. We have bomb racks fitted to our fuselage and we carry four twenty-pound copper bombs to use ground

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]

The Answer:
With a Hemco Trip-lite, Mrs. Baxter has one outlet for her toaster, one for her percolator and the light can now be used as well. It was so simple to change the shade holder from the socket to the center outlet of the Trip-lite, too. She insists that she never spent one dollar to better advantage.



A Typical Home Problem — Mr. Baxter is wondering if once again he'll have to miss the "8:15." Mrs. Baxter is "hurrying things" but she just cannot go any faster—there is but one light socket. The percolator must have time to "perk" and the toast has to wait! It is especially exasperating on dark mornings when the light is needed.



Need Extra Outlets?—Find the Answer to this Problem on the Hemco Board

—it's on your dealer's counter

Here's a new and easier way to find just the Hemco Plug you need for every extra outlet you require. On the dealers' counters everywhere you'll find this new permanent metal display board.* It shows the *actual* Hemco Plugs. At a glance you'll find the one you need.

1. When a single extra outlet from a fixture is required, compare the Hemco Twin-lite and Hemco Tach-lite Plugs on this board. If you want the extra outlet under the shade you'll choose the Twin-lite. Note its correct angles and compact design—it seats in the socket without striking the shade.

When you want the extra outlet above the shade so that appliance cords may be interchanged readily, the Tach-lite will be your choice. You'll see that its vertical outlet is threaded to take any shade holder as illustrated at the right.

2. Where two extra outlets are needed, you'll immediately see the advantage of the Hemco Trip-lite Plug. It, too, is arranged to take any shade holder. These plugs actually become a part of the fixture.

3. When you need extra outlets from wall receptacles, this board will show you whether a Hemco Tee-prong should be chosen. You'll note, also, how small and neat they are —women like the unobtrusive way in which they serve in exposed locations.

When you have chosen the correct Hemco Plugs, you can be sure of *lasting* satisfaction. They are molded in one piece with the metal parts embedded in the genuine Bakelite body. Twisting or strain can never cause the current carrying parts in Hemco Plugs to touch and cause blown fuses. Hemco Plugs will not break if dropped. They will not mar or crush. They are waterproof and heatproof. Their many advantages explain the fact that there are several times as many Hemco Plugs in use as any other make.

Ask for them by name.

**Dealers: This permanent metal display board is furnished without charge. If you have not received yours, write or wire for particulars today.*

The HEMCO Cord Set

You'll rejoice in the smooth action of this Hemco Cord Set. You'll like its special extra-flexible cord that will not kink or break. You'll like the new construction of both plugs that keeps the cord from pulling out of the terminals. It's really a saving to eliminate the repair costs of old style cords and use trouble-proof Hemco Cord Sets on all your appliances. Packaged for your protection. $1.50 everywhere.

HEMCO TWIN-LITE—*Double outlet plug. High capacity. Small size and properly designed to fit under shades. Lasts a lifetime. Formerly sold at 75c—Now 60c.*

HEMCO TACH-LITE—*The side outlet plug. Allows lamp to be used in vertical position. Outlets, as shown, threaded to take any standard screw or clamp type shade holder. Formerly sold at 75c—Now 60c.*

HEMCO TEE-PRONG—*The plug for flush (wall) receptacles. Provides two slotted outlets to take any standard parallel blade attachment caps. Very small size—neat and unobtrusive. Sold everywhere at 50c.*

HEMCO TEE-LITE—*Similar in design to the Hemco Tee-Prong, except that standard screw shell outlets are provided instead of slots. Takes any standard attachment plugs. Formerly sold at 75c—Now 60c.*

George Richards & Co., 557 W. Monroe Street, Chicago

HEMCO

Electrical Conveniences Built for a Lifetime of Service

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

strafing. They think the Hun is going to push in front of Hazebrouck and try to pinch off the salient. We aren't going to give an inch of ground, but are going to start a counterattack and push back.

We had a squadron show and Thompson, Trapp, Lady Mary, and myself had to go down and reconnoiter the road from Bailleul to Armentieres at a couple of hundred feet, looking for signs of troop movements. To protect us were Nigger, Cal, Springs, and Mac at 1,000 feet and the rest of the squadron at 5,000.

We flew down the road the whole way and back again, but didn't see much except a lot of tracer bullets coming up at us. And I saw some flaming onions up close. They are nice little things—a lot of phosphorus balls that come up in front of you like a swarm of bees, and if you run into them, it's good night!

I saw Thompson get hit. He landed and turned over. I think he's alive, as the machine certainly was under control. Trapp is missing, but I didn't see him at all. Lady Mary found a balloon and shot it up and set fire to it on the ground. I got a few holes scattered about the plane, but nothing serious. If the Huns are going to attack there, they are mighty quiet about it. I dropped my four little bombs on a truck train.

The top flight got into a dogfight and Bish dropped a Fokker. A flight lost a man.

June 20.

MACDONALD is back. He got lost coming back from a patrol in the fog and landed 100 miles from here. He made sure he wasn't in Germany, all right. He was out of gas when he ceased to flee, and it took two days to get a truck down there to him. A Frenchman entertained him royally at his chateau and Mac fell in love with his beautiful niece and kept the truck waiting an extra day. Moral: Always pick a good place to get lost.

He brought a mangy-looking cur back with him. Our menagerie is growing.

Heard that Dick Reed has been killed.

The Colonel came over and congratulated us on our reconnoissance. He's a brother to one of the flight commanders at London Colney, Captain Cairns, the fellow with one leg. He's with 74 now.

June 21.

BISH has been recalled to England to help organize the Canadian Flying Corps. Before he left he went up to have a final look at the war. He ran into five Hun scouts. He picked off the last one and the two in front collided when they did a climbing turn to get back of him. Then he got another one and on the way back he ran into a two-seater and got it. Pretty good morning. His score is now seventy-two! That's something for the boys to shoot at. Next to him is McCudden and then Mannock. We all went down to Boulogne to see him off and had a big champagne lunch.

An American division was landing at Boulogne and those boys certainly have got funny ideas. They think they are crusaders and talk like headlines. They are full of catch phrases and ideals. We talked to a bunch of them in the bar. They think they are on the way to a Sunday-school picnic.

The Japanese think if they get killed in battle they will go to heaven. They've got nothing on these boys. They think they are going to get a golden harp just for enlisting.

One of the boys asked me where the red-light district was. I told him that if God would paint the moon red, then Europe would be properly labeled.

THERE were two officers at the next table to us at lunch. One of them saw my R. F. C. wings and wanted to know why I was wearing a crown above my wings. I told him because I was a qualified R. F. C. pilot.

"Well," says he, "you can wear a crown if you want to. But as for me, I can't get enough eagles on. I want eagles all over me."

They had on funny belts. I said, "Where'd you get the funny Sam Browne belts?"

"Sam Browne belts?" said one of them. "These ain't Sam Browne belts. These is Liberty belts!"

That gave the squadron a laugh. They've been kidding us about it ever since. They call us the Liberty Boys and want to see our eagles.

We came back and had a patrol to do at five. Nigger took off

Pilots Macdonald, W. H. Longton, and J. C. ("Jack") Rorison, of B flight, 85th Squadron.

down wind and we all followed him. Springs and Cal got to bouncing before they had flying speed and smashed their undercarriages, but they didn't go over. Springs nearly landed on top of Cal and just did bounce over him. Mac broke a bracing wire, but came on with us.

June 22.

I GOT up this morning feeling like a week-end in the city, though I had no reason to. I drank too much coffee before going up and I'm as nervous as a kitten now. Must be getting the woofits.

I had rather a surprise yesterday. I was some distance back of the patrol and saw a Hun two-seater about three miles across the lines, so went for him. I expected about thirty seconds at close quarters under his tail and then to watch him go down in flames. It looked like cold meat. I started my final dive about 1,000 feet above him and opened fire at 100 yards.

Then I got a surprise. I picked the wrong Hun. Just as I opened fire, he turned sharply to the left and I was doing about 200, so couldn't turn, but had to overshoot and half roll back. As I half rolled on top of him, he half rolled too, and when I did an Immelmann, he turned to the right and forced me on the outside arc and gave his observer a good shot at me as I turned back the other way to cut him off.

I FIRED a burst from my turn, but my shots went wild, so pulled up and half rolled on top of him again and opened fire from immediately above and behind. He stalled before I could get a burst in and sideslipped away from me, but gave me a no-deflection shot at him when he straightened out. I didn't have to make any allowance for his speed or direction and his observer was shooting at me. The observer dropped down in his cockpit, so I suppose I killed him. But I couldn't get the pilot. He put the plane in a tight spiral and I couldn't seem to get in position properly.

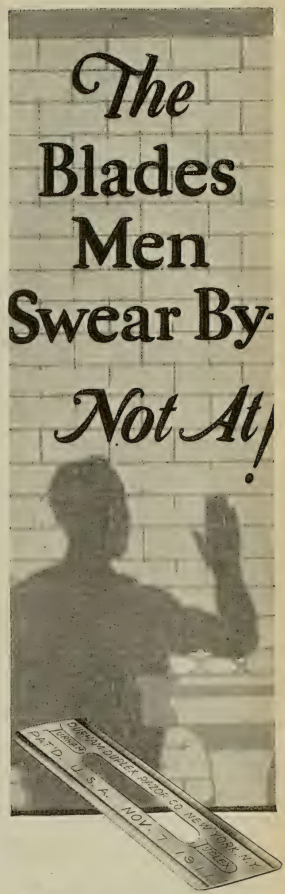
Cal and Tiny Dixon came in about that time and everybody was shooting at him from all angles. I know he didn't have any motor because he came down very slowly and didn't attempt to maneuver. We were firing from every conceivable angle, but we couldn't seem to hit the tank or the pilot and every now and then he'd take a crack at me when I'd try him head on.

He was a stout fellow, a good fighter, and I hope he is still alive. If his observer had been any good I wouldn't be writing this now. He hit one of my front spars and that was all. I left him at 100 feet, as my engine was overheating and was sputtering and I've had enough machine-gun fire from the ground to last me for a while, and I don't like field guns from directly in the rear. Accidents will happen. So I started back and joined the patrol. Archie simply went mad.

The infantry reported the fight and said that the Hun was under control when he went down the other side of Kemmel Hill.

THEN we all came down low over the trenches later and had a sham battle among ourselves. Nigger and I drove furiously on each other just back of No Man's Land, and Springs and Cal and Mac rolled and looped desperately trying to get on one another's tails. The boys in the trenches must have enjoyed it. None of the Huns fired at us at all, and even Archie the Avenger left us alone, though we were within range. Then we spied some field sports four or five miles back of our lines and we started for them. They were very appreciative as they stopped the game to watch and wave at us. Must have been a Canadian division, for they had a baseball diamond. Mac ran his wheels on it.

Imagine the thrill of watching fifty airplanes in furious combat thousands of feet in the air. Read about it in next week's LIBERTY.



YOU'LL never know how smooth and quick that morning shave can be until you've used the famous long Durham Duplex Blades.

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I enclose 25c for razor and blade—check type preferred. L10
Name.....
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I prefer Old Fashioned Type..... Hoe Type.....

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TWO YEARS OLD and ALREADY SECOND

in Advertising Lineage

The Conquest of Marguerite

The Story of a Lover Whose Fish Were His Fortune

Pictures by EDWARD L. CHASE

A GENTLE whistle, and the shutters above opened. Marguerite!

A Short Story by Walter Davenport

PERIGORD the Savoyard arose to announce in a loud, weather-beaten barytone that the show was unfit for human consumption. The two American rum runners occupying the same bench with Perigord stood with him in his snappy critique of Olympe Blanpied's latest dramatic exhortation to better things for the citizenry of Saint-Pierre.

"Rotten!" shouted one of the Americans. He looked to Perigord for his cue.

"We have had enough," said Perigord, and the first American, considering it an order from headquarters, hurled "Plenty!" and a few dried codfish in the direction of Olympe Blanpied and his Miquelon players.

"Just as you say, Gaston," said the second American, who never, by any possibility, addressed Perigord as Perigord. "If you've had enough of this frog drama, I'm off it, too."

And *he* threw a few dried codfish, one of which the chagrined Olympe failed to dodge.

And that started the trouble.

La Barre, owner of the schooner Infamant, which carried its 3,000 cases to Cape Cod waters twice a month, mounted a bench and, after heaving his supply of dried cod against Olympe's beautiful back drop, made a speech which died in the din.

Perigord, noting with satisfaction that the situation was his, advanced, followed by the audience. As the mob advanced it dropped a barrage of parched cod upon the stage from which all but Olympe had fled. The play was at an end. But one act had been presented.

Perigord and his unregenerate crew took Olympe by the collar and the seat.

At the door they halted long enough for Olympe to seize the iron knob. But—one, two, three (they made pleasure of it)—and out went Olympe.

Olympe came to rest beyond the curb. The doorknob was still clutched in his hand. Mechanically he tucked the trophy into a pocket.

His erstwhile audience devoted itself briefly to the scenery, Olympe's own handiwork. Then they removed the benches. And then Rene Propret, the soap, coal, and tobacco agent, and Yankee McCabe, one of the rum runners, unlimbered, respectively, an accordion and a saxophone, and dancing ensued.

Olympe Blanpied gathered himself to his haunches and regarded with no joy the sapphire night sky and the darkly looming ruggedness of Notre Dame de Saint-Pierre. From the scene of his supreme

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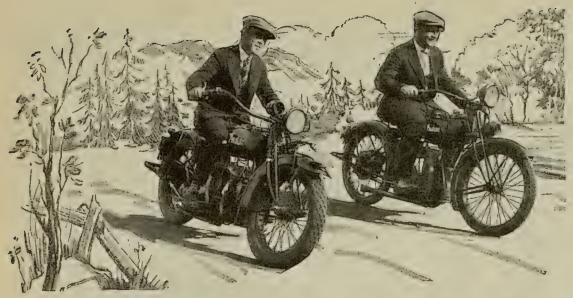

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who cut the heart out of travel cost!

IF you want to travel for less than a carfare—if you want the kind of convenience and dispatch which gets you there earlier and back sooner—if you like outdoor sport that packs a big "kick"—hop on one of these famous INDIAN "pals." You'll know the real meaning of motorcycle convenience and pleasure.

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Motoring at its best

You'll understand what perfect balance, quick, smooth start and lightning-like pick-up mean to the solo rider in heavy traffic. For long-distance touring you'll find at your finger tips all the speed you'll ever be able to use—all the power you'll ever need. In a word, you'll know motoring at its best! At a fraction of carfare cost—a cent a mile or less.

Easy to own—investigate

Visit your nearest Indian Dealer. Let him demonstrate the Indian Prince and the Indian Scout—the two "pals" that cut the heart out of travel cost. Let the Indian Dealer tell you about his pay-as-you-ride plan that makes it easy to own an Indian. The coupon below brings you—free—our illustrated catalog. Mail it today for the complete interesting story of these two famous models.

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Price with complete electrical equipment $225.00 F. O. B. Springfield, Mass.

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The Solo Twin

Twin-cylinder smoothness, acceleration and power combined with light weight, low saddle position, ease of handling and many other positive essentials for maximum comfort and safety. 65 miles per gallon gas. One cent per mile operating cost. Highest used-value motorcycle ever built. Thousands of INDIAN SCOUTS delivered six and seven years ago are in use today.

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☐ Send me your illustrated Catalog describing the Prince and the Scout.
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[THE CONQUEST OF MARGUERITE
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

dramatic failure came Madame Touissant, determined that complete appreciation of his rejection by the town should be his.

"Bah!" said Madame Touissant, surveying the recumbent dramatist. "Bah!"

"You are harsh, Madame Touissant."

"And you are a fool. You are not, perhaps, permanently injured. Such fortune is hardly to be expected."

"You have, however, crushed my mind. My body may revive."

"Is it not now clear that my Marguerite is beyond your reach, *M'sieu?* Is your skull so thick that you do not realize that the husband of Marguerite must be a man of strength, a practical man? Would you believe, now, that I would not have her the wife of a weakling who has neither money nor friends, nor the capacity for either? Is it not plain to you, poor bug, that she will marry the strong man?"

"Perigord, doubtless."

Madame Touissant leaped at the name. She dug her fists into her broad hips and glared at the miserable Olympe.

"And why not? Is he not a man of command? Is he a pauper? Is he a sniveling poet? Is he a man of affairs, a man of property?"

"Not to mention a runner of rum, and of a grossness not surpassed in Miquelon," supplied Olympe from his seat on the cobbles.

"Liar! He is no runner of whisky. He is a purveyor, a merchant to the ships. He supplies the ships with provisions, but not alcohol."

"You believe readily what you choose to believe, Madame Touissant. The schooner Defiant is not, then, the property of Perigord the Savoyard?"

"Bah!" sneered Madame Touissant. "Liar! Bah! Perhaps you will write verses upon the wedding day of my Marguerite."

OLYMPE waited until *Madame* had disappeared into the hall from which he and his drama had been cast; then painfully he erected himself, stamped his feet, and, concluding that he was in working order, set off for home.

The ship lights on Grand Miquelon winked jovially at Olympe. Thinly came the sinful music of Rene Propret's accordion and Yankee McCabe's saxophone. He thought briefly of his cast—the Miquelon players—and suddenly he realized how utterly alone he was.

At the first barrage of dried fish they had fled and, doubtless, had cheered as loudly as any when he, the impresario, had been hurled into the street with an iron doorknob in his hand. He had thrust the heavy ball into his pocket.

And dried codfish! Was not that the touch of the devil? Before Saint-Pierre had given herself to smuggling whisky to the United States the cod had been sacred. There had been no other

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Two colors—Blonde to Medium Brown and Dark Brown to Black. Sold at drug and toilet counters—50c and $1.50.

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Quick!
Ends pain at once!
CORNS

In *one minute* your misery from corns is ended. That's how quick Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads give relief. They stop the *cause*—pressing or rubbing of shoes. Once the corn is removed, it can't come back—because Zino-pads stop it before it has time to start.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

industry except fishing. The Yankee with the ears of the pugilist, with the readiness to shoot, with the loud, vulgar voice, was then unknown. Then there was peace in Saint-Pierre. No riches, perhaps, but contentment and quiet.

But now the cod was but a missile—a poor, smelly dead thing to be cast out of the warehouses to make room for whisky. A hundred pirate schooners, once respectable fishing ships, rode the harbor. The unsought cod now swam the coast of the Miquelons, the last Western stand of the tricolor in what was once the vast hold of France upon North America, without fear of the nets. The great fishing fleet was now given over to rum.

In all Saint-Pierre there was but one who had resisted the lure of alcoholic wealth—Olympe Blanpied. But one? But no—thank *le bon Dieu!*—there was Marguerite.

Olympe trudged through the darkness of the Rue Napoleon, past the horologerie of Clamart Brideux—now innocent of watches and clocks, but fatly stocked with bottled warfare—up the Rue Trident, past the great straggling shacks where once the cod lay on racks to dry, but where thousands of cases of whisky now awaited carriage to the coast of the United States.

Past bulking mounds, now savorless and sodden hills, of defunct fish hastily heaped by savages who wanted the warehouse space for rum, across the Place de la Mer and down the Rue Concorde trudged our forlorn artist.

Olympe paused in front of one of the houses. From him a gentle whistle, and the shutters above opened.

MARGUERITE! Hair of dark silk; eyes that perhaps would have halted the revolution; coloring that would have shamed the peach blossom, had the peach blossom seen. There are no trees of any sort on the islands of Miquelon.

Lovely lips which were made even more beautiful in the verses of her Olympe. And of a figure! Ah, *M'sieu*, she was but eighteen.

Our Olympe was but twenty.

"It is you, Olympe?"

"Such as I am."

"I was not there to see. *Madame* my mother has locked the door upon me."

"There was nothing beautiful to see. Perigord would not permit."

"Perigord is the brother of all swine."

"Your mother is determined that you shall marry Perigord."

"Would Perigord take into his arms a corpse?"

"You would die, then?" Olympe cried.

"Before such a wedding, rather than after," affirmed the blessed demoiselle.

She leaned farther out of her casement. The line of her throat! The suggestion of her virgin shoulder! Olympe suffered beautifully. From the waterfront there came shouts of revelers.

"The rum runners!" he groaned. "What they do not carry off in the boats they drink."

"Ah, Olympe, if we were but on the mainland! But we are prisoners. There is but one steamer a week to Nova Scotia, and the village is at the quay when it leaves."

"Have I not mourned likewise?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Perigord's whole huge self went careening backward.

Deep resonant bass notes-vibrant high notes-All clear as a Bell

IF you like *music* you will want an Aero B Amplipower on your radio set. It brings out *every* note of every instrument as clear and full toned as the instrument itself. It makes any set a real *musical* instrument, reproducing the deep mellow bass notes that have heretofore been inaudible on practically all radio sets.

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Aero B is also built as a "B" power unit without the high voltage power tube. Price $50.00 complete.

You won't know *music* on your radio set until you use the Amplipower—price $65.00 without tubes.

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY
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wouldn't pass inspection TODAY

Leading stores everywhere sell "Onyx" Hosiery and especially the "Pointex" styles listed below

Silk, with Lisle Top

Style 155, Medium weight $1.65
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"Pointex" means perfection and "Pointex" is made only by "Onyx"

THE most mythological thing about Psyche was the fabled charm of her ankle lines. Psyche's beauty may have excited Venus to green-eyed flights of jealousy, but, when one considers her ankle-girth, she'd never cause the modern girl to miss a heart-beat—UNLESS Psyche wore "Onyx Pointex".

For, Psyche's ankles were FAT! They would be as much out of place on a country club porch today as a bustle or a leg o'mutton sleeve.

That is, as remarked above—UNLESS she wore "Onyx Pointex".

For, "Pointex" is that little wonder-working slenderizer at the back of the heel that accentuates every graceful charm that Nature places in ankles. "Pointex" allows ankles to look their best — stockings to wear their best. You will find this little worker of ankle miracles ONLY in "Onyx".

"Onyx" Hosiery
"Pointex"

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[THE CONQUEST OF MARGUERITE]
Continued from Page Fifty-three

Was ever Fate so cruel to lovers? The Orleans arrives tomorrow from Sydney."

"Olympe!" She spoke his name so sharply that her poet started. "Olympe, I have the inspiration which perhaps will make an end to our trouble."

"I am listening."

"Why can you not make money—much money—like this greatest of swine, Perigord? With devices I shall delay my mother's plans, and when you shall present yourself with money——"

"What would you have me do? Go into the whisky? Marguerite, would you have me abandon my principles?"

"I would have you make yourself rich, my Olympe; not because I should love you more, but that my mother, who is practical, should dislike you less."

"What am I to do?"

"Olympe!" There was something of impatience in the angel's voice. "Mine is but the idea. My mother is too practical. We are here, and there is no escape for us. I can hold out against her for so long, and then—Olympe!"

Olympe understood that she wept.

"And then?" raged the hapless Olympe. "But you have said that you should not be Madame Perigord."

"And I shall not. But even you, Olympe, would find little warmth in a corpse."

THE Orleans was rounding the bold nose of Grand Miquelon and heading for the quay at Saint-Pierre. The village was assembling at the waterfront. The weekly call of the Orleans was Saint-Pierre's single link with the outside world.

Olympe and his one faithful man friend, Georges Tremblay, watched the people foregather.

"Bear up, my Olympe," coaxed Georges. "There will be some way."

"Perhaps," replied Olympe with caustic bitterness, "I shall sell my verses to the rum runners. That, my friend, would be one way."

"One wins nothing by despairing."

"Am I a merchant?" demanded Olympe. "Am I a barterer? Have I the soul to man a filthy scow loaded with alcohol and go pirating down the American coast, making friends of rascals?"

"Then you are prepared to surrender your Marguerite? Are your verses not heroic? And are you, the writer of heroic lines, a worm, to be trod upon without a turn? Is your mind of but two parts—verses and despair?"

"You goad me, Georges. So! I have nothing to start with. Not even one of the cod."

"Better to have nothing, Olympe, than to be burdened with useless things."

The crowd at the waterfront was adding to itself. From every street in Saint-Pierre the villagers trooped down to be present when the Orleans should dock. As they passed Olympe some of them jeered.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WE WANT
the 100 Oldest Vacuum Cleaners
NOW IN USE
Regardless of Make!

WE will give—absolutely free—one hundred $65.00 1927 Ball Bearing Cadillac Electric Vacuum Cleaners (non-oiling) *with all attachments* for the 100 oldest Vacuum cleaners now in family use, anywhere in the U. S. A.—regardless of make!

You may be the owner of one of these 100 old cleaners. All you have to do is to fill out and send in the blank below giving name, serial and model numbers of your cleaner. Friends having old cleaners will appreciate your bringing this advertisement to their attention.

This offer closes soon—so, be sure to fill out and send blank at once. Watch these ads for further announcements.

REMEMBER! The 100 owners of the oldest cleaners will get FREE one hundred $65.00 1927 Ball Bearing Cadillac Electric Vacuum Cleaners with all attachments! No strings or hitches to this offer. Enter your old cleaner—NOW!

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The syringe is so perfectly made, so easily cleaned and so positively controlled that it will garnish meat pies, salads, steaks, all kinds of desserts and form dainty "petit fours," as well as making your home-baked cakes the rivals of the professional pastry cook.

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$3.50

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

"Do you seek inspiration for another play, then?" laughed the daughter of Leuschier the baker.

"Had you saved what they threw upon you last night, Olympe, you would have had food for a month," mocked Jean Poertier, once the net-mender and now a mate on a rum schooner.

"Will you give us another act tonight, Olympe?"

AND, as if this were not enough to make porridge of the soul of Olympe Blanpied, who should come along but Perigord the Savoyard? Perigord stopped. He thrust his ungentle face close to that of Olympe. He leered.

"What is this I hear, little mouse?" said he. "They tell me that you would fight? I have summoned all my courage. I am, as you see, here.

"Observe, please, this bully who would do me harm," he went on. "He would take me by the scruff of the neck and dash me to the ground."

There was loud laughter. Perigord turned to Olympe.

"How, then, my sheep, will you? Will you break me in two, or would you rather kill me with your great fists?"

Olympe wept in impotent rage.

"Are those tears for me? Would you lament in advance my passing, perhaps? See, my wart, I lean down as the doomed to receive the guillotine. Reach high and break, then, my jaws with one mighty blow."

Olympe had resolved to have no public quarrel with Perigord. Indeed, he had never said he contemplated thrashing the big fellow. Would it not be absurd? This Perigord was a giant. Olympe was not such a fool. But the crowd was great and jeering. Who knew but Madame Touissant and the one Marguerite might be along at any moment?

The steamer would be at the dock in thirty minutes. The soul of Olympe Blanpied could stand it no longer. He would strike this great swine. Perhaps he would die; but what of that? Was there so much to live for?

Yes! he would strike that unshaved jowl, and die gloriously.

Into his coat pockets went his hands. And—and then his right hand closed around a hard, heavy object. His thin body grew rigid as a great idea was born. Two feet from his glowered the great face of Perigord. Before the owner of that face could move, the right hand of Olympe Blanpied flashed upward and described a short, snappy arc.

There was a crack, as if small boards had come violently together. Perigord's head snapped back and his body stiffened. And then Perigord's whole huge self went careening backward. His head struck the hard road with a hearty thump. The crowd surged in, clucking in amazement.

But Olympe was just beginning. Still swinging his ironshod right hand, he leaped upon his prostrate foe. The crowd gave him all the room he needed.

As he struck Perigord he spoke:

"Pig of a ruffian!" Whang!

"Rubbish heap!" Smash!

"Whisky scum!" Wallop!

"Unspeakable filth!" Sock!

Olympe was seated astride Perigord's heaving chest. His left hand had the Savoyard by the gullet; his right, made murderous by the doorknob, was working ruin.

"Devil!" Bang!

"Dog bait!" Wham!

A terrific scream from somewhere behind gave Olympe pause. The voice was calling his name.

"Olympe!" It was the voice of Marguerite. "Perigord, vile beast, you must murder me too!"

BUT she saw, instead, her own Olympe doing the murdering. Her wild lamentation changed to a scream of triumph:

"Harder, Olympe! Harder!"

Olympe was doing his best. Whether he would have improved with practice is hard to tell. Yankee McCabe took a hand. He lifted Olympe high and neatly blocked a terrific hook from the hand clutching the doorknob.

"Easy, kid, easy," sighed Mr. McCabe, deftly removing the iron ball. "The big boy's as cold as a fish. Never have I seen the iron Mike used like you can, kid. I've heard of horseshoes in the glove for luck, but I never seen no such wallop as you handed the boss flounder there. Now, take it easy, kid, and remember I'm your friend. Battling Flop there is out for the week."

He lowered Olympe into the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

OLYMPE came down the gangplank. Saint-Pierre gasped.

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Beldenamel Aerial

DISTANCE! That is the real test of your new set.

But don't forget that you cannot get the finest results unless you have a good aerial. Many good sets are permanently crippled because set owners mistakenly believe that corroded, soot-covered aerials are "good enough."

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WHY suffer needlessly from headaches, colds or neuralgic pains? For immediate relief, go to the nearest Rexall Drug Store and get a package of *Puretest Aspirin Tablets.*

These tablets are absolutely pure aspirin. They disintegrate in 15 seconds, so that their beneficial effect is felt almost instantly. Snow white, highest purity, never irritate or burn.

Puretest Aspirin Tablets are sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

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The Rexall Store — Stockholders United Drug Company

You will recognize it by this sign
Liggett's are also Rexall stores

[THE CONQUEST OF MARGUERITE
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

arms of the exulting Marguerite.

"Take him, pretty," said Mr. McCabe. And Marguerite took her bantamweight lover to her bosom.

He submitted limply. Olympe, who hadn't received a blow, was almost as far gone as Perigord. To have won one's first fight so overwhelmingly! And with the town's two-hundred-pound bully for one's antagonist!

Perigord was weaving to his feet. Again the crowd fell back, and there were shouts of warning to Olympe. But Perigord was through for the day.

Olympe didn't know this. He saw only the face of Marguerite go white and the light of fear shine in her eyes. He heard her scream, and, jerking out of her arms and pivoting on his heel, the poet lashed out once more, this time without the doorknob.

His head down to receive an onslaught, Olympe felt his fist sink deeply into something too soft to be Perigord. He heard a prolonged "O-o-o-o-oof!" and he looked up to see *Madame,* her hands holding her stomach, sitting on the cobbles.

IT was too much! First the great Perigord, and then the even greater Madame Touissant! And Marguerite to behold it all! Olympe Blanpied, the new bully of Saint-Pierre, ran.

But he couldn't outrun the voice of *Madame:*

"Assassin! Murderer! Police! Assassin!"

It was night when he returned home, to find Charles Jean Paul Marie La Fitte, Mayor of Saint-Pierre, knocking at the door.

"It is a bad thing, Olympe Blanpied," said Mayor La Fitte, "to disturb the peace of one's town with brutal brawling."

"You have come, then, to take me to prison?"

"There is an alternative. The Orleans sails for Sydney on the day after tomorrow. After your assault upon Perigord and Madame Touissant today, it is best that you leave us for a while."

"Then I am exiled?"

"For three months."

"I submit," replied the poet. "I can do no worse elsewhere. All that I have I have given to Saint-Pierre—my writings. And, in return, Saint-Pierre has given me nothing, and, in addition, she exiles me."

"I am not interested in the dramatic," scoffed the statesman. "It is important merely that you leave us for three months."

"I have little to prepare," lamented Olympe. "The clothes I wear are my all. Not even the mountains of dried fish which no one will even cast into the sea are mine."

"And why not?" laughed La Fitte. "Take each mountain with you, then. They are yours."

The entire populace except Madame Touissant, Marguerite, and the battered Perigord saw Olympe mount the gangplank of the Orleans as though it were his scaffold. And the populace beheld Mayor La Fitte halt him and present him with a paper.

"The fish," explained La Fitte. "You have said that Saint-Pierre lacks appreciation of your poesy. You tell me that Saint-Pierre has given you nothing in return for your plays. Observe, I keep my promise. Here you have many tons of fish—mountains of them. This is your deed to those lovely mountains, *Monsieur.* Say no more, then, that we do not pay in kind."

THREE months and a week. The Orleans rounded the bold rock of Grand Miquelon and headed for the quay at Saint-Pierre. The village had assembled for the event. There was missing only Perigord the Savoyard. Perigord had left five weeks back, and neither he nor the schooner he had sailed in had been heard of.

And Madame Touissant groaned in public. She had, she told herself and others, been a fool. She had been balked by a chit of a girl—her daughter Marguerite. She had listened to the baggage and had agreed to postpone the marriage of this willful hussy to the quite superior Perigord.

"But another week, Mamma," the girl had pleaded.

And—bah!—she had listened to the obstinate baggage. Thrice—four times—she had postponed this wedding. She was but a poor widow, and men of wealth were not to be whistled for and had. With Marguerite safely wed to Perigord, the Touissant nest would be permanently feathered. But——

"But another week, and then I shall surrender," Marguerite had wept.

"One more week, then," *Madame* would say to Marguerite. "But only one."

Thus until Perigord the Savoyard sailed in the schooner.

"He may be at the bottom of the sea!" wailed *Madame* bitterly.

"Perhaps," sighed Marguerite, whose tears became fewer as the weeks of Perigord's absence accumulated.

"It is funny, then," raged *Madame.*

"It is the will of *le bon Dieu,* perhaps."

"It is nothing to you, then, that you might have been his widow and rich?"

"I had not thought of that."

"So! You do not think of it? And may I ask *what* you will think if we starve?"

But Marguerite was not thinking of gross things. The three

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Blonde hair kept light

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BLONDE hair is highly attractive but it has a tendency to darken, streak or fade as one grows older. Then blonde hair is far from pleasing. But now every blonde can keep her hair beautifully light and sparkling *always.* Simply use Blondex, the new Swedish light hair shampoo. This not only corrects the natural tendency of blonde hair to darken—but actually brings back the true golden beauty to hair that has already darkened. Makes hair fluffy, silky. Fine for scalp. Not a dye. Contains no injurious chemicals. Over half a million users. Fine for children's hair. Get Blondex at all good drug and department stores. Money back if not delighted.

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The Great Mooch Mystery

{Chapter 1} Jabez Mooch was a prosperous inventor of names for new ginger ales. But wait a minute. Jabez had nothing to do with this story. It was his cousin Hector. The plot thickens. Keep your shirt on, dear reader.

{Chapter 2} There was a deep mystery in the life of Hector Mooch, a respected manufacturer of fur-lined golf stockings. The mystery was why Hector had headaches all the time. He constantly treated them with a drug that really seemed to drive them away for a while, altho it always left him feeling weak and worn out, and ready for a new headache.

{Chapter 3} The mystery was soon solved, and well before the men from Scotland Yard appeared on the scene. Hector's boyhood friend, Peter Weemish, told him all. He said: "Hector, there is no sense in shocking your system whenever you have a headache. Do as I do—depend on a safe, balanced prescription that drives away headaches gently and quickly, and without any unpleasant after effects. Then you won't get them so often."

{Chapter 4} By this time the suspense was maddening. But before Hector could demand the name of the remedy, Peter told him: "It's Kohler-Antidote. Our family have used it for 35 years and every druggist has it."

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

months of exile for Olympe had elapsed and a week more. She had met the Orleans each time it had docked, and she had followed Jules Bras, the postmaster, with his canvas letter-bag up to his office. Each time there had been a letter—from Sydney, from Halifax, from St. Johns, from Boston. She had hidden them.

"The Orleans arrives today," ventured Marguerite.

"We shall go down," replied Madame Touissant. "Perhaps *he* will be on board."

"Perhaps," echoed Marguerite. And he was.

OLYMPE BLANPIED came down the gangplank. Saint-Pierre gasped. The very last syllable of fashion! The shine of his boots, the sheen of his silk socks, the cut and newness of his suit! A glowing cravat of red foulard lay upon his distended chest. In his hand he held a gray soft hat such as nobody in Saint-Pierre had ever worn, and over his arm there was a fine gray topcoat.

Even Charles Jean Paul Marie La Fitte, the mayor, stepped back as Olympe descended. A sailor, lugging an enormous traveling bag, clumped at the rehabilitated poet's heels. On the quay Olympe hesitated, looking around, but giving no sign of recognition to Mayor La Fitte, Leuschier or his lumpy daughter, Jean Poertier, or even Georges Tremblay.

A squeal caused him to turn. Marguerite! There, before all Saint-Pierre, under the very nose of Madame Touissant, they embraced. It was *Madame's* first impulse to drag Marguerite back and then accuse Olympe of murder. Why not? Was not Perigord missing?

But another look at Olympe gave *Madame* pause. These clothes and this general air of prosperity! Perhaps it would be best to hold off. Madame Touissant was ever cautious.

But another and even more richly caparisoned man appeared. A sailor followed him bearing another pigskin bag. And he was Olympe's friend. He laughed at Olympe's ecstasy and winked at Marguerite.

It was toward evening when Olympe and the stranger called at the house of Madame Touissant.

"This," explained Olympe, "is Monsieur Shallcross of Boston. He is my business partner."

"So?" Madame was wavering but not won. After all, she did not love Olympe. "And where," she scoffed, "is your schooner?"

"It shall be in Saint-Pierre for a week," went on Olympe—such an Olympe as *Madame* had never dreamed of. "Monsieur Shallcross will have the ship here in two days."

"Perhaps you do not know that I am not fond of riddles," said *Madame*, with asperity.

"Marguerite agrees to leave with me when I go."

"Marguerite is the fiancee of Perigord, *Monsieur*."

"She is not, *Madame*. I have asked her but this afternoon. Be-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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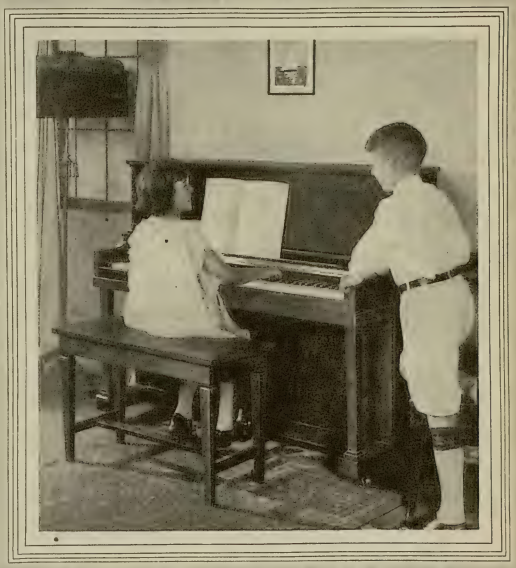
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PALMOLIVE AFTER SHAVING TALC

[THE CONQUEST OF MARGUERITE Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

sides, one does not marry in prison."

"Will you speak out, and be as little the fool as possible?" cried the mother of Marguerite. "What would you say to me?"

"Alas! it is true. Perigord, the rum runner, was caught by the American revenue cutter. The boat, *Madame*, was confiscated. The whisky, *Madame*, was thrown into the sea. Perigord and his crew, *Madame*, are in prison. Perhaps you remember that I told you what this Savoyard was!"

BUT *Madame* did not surrender without a struggle.

"You, then," she cried with fine irony—"you are, perhaps, selling perfumes and silks, that you should be so grand—you and *Monsieur* your friend—and your ship?"

"I am prepared to answer," said Olympe, arising. "Come with me to the door."

Madame followed him. Olympe extended his arm toward the range of hills of dried cod.

"Do I sell whisky, *Madame?* No! Am I a shipchandler, *Madame?* I am not. Behold my wealth—the fish that Saint-Pierre forgot. Monsieur Shallcross is the chemist. I am the owner of these hills, so easily converted into that which the farmers need—fertilizer for the soil. While all the rest of Saint-Pierre sells whisky, *Madame*, I shall sell fish. And when these mountains are gone, *Madame*, my fishing fleet will gather more."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Peggie Hit the Nail's Head

I am a teacher of piano. My last pupil on a busy day of teaching was Peggie, aged seven, a lovely but also lively child. This day she was especially restless, and I finally pointed out how easy it should be for her to sit still for one-half hour, when she compared herself to me, who had been at the piano practically all day. She thought for just about a second, then turned to me and said very sweetly:

"Yes, Mrs. B., but you get paid for it and I don't."—Mrs. W. H. B., Washington, D. C.

* * *

Why He Got the Job

One day when Dad was a boy, he applied for a job in a wall-paper shop, in the window of which was a sign saying, "Boy Wanted."

The owner of the shop said, "Well, son, if I should give you the job, what would be the first thing you would do?"

Dad said, "I'd take down that sign."

And Dad got the job.—J. VAN D., Kansas City, Kans.

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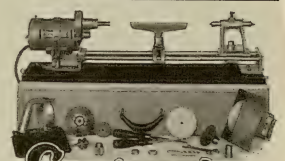

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ECKERSALL making one of his famous end runs while playing with the University of Chicago.

My TWENTY-FIVE Years of FOOTBALL

THE famous star punting, one of the strongest features of his game.

Photos by H. A. ATWELL

An Article by
Walter Eckersall

A High-School Team Captained by the Greatest of Quarterbacks Beats the University of Chicago

WALTER ECKERSALL began his football career by carrying water to exhausted players in a game between the crafty Carlisle Indians and the University of Illinois at Chicago in 1897.

Between then and his entrance into Hyde Park High School he saw the great Herschberger, Chicago halfback; the giant Pennsylvania guard, Truxtun Hare; O'Dea, punter extraordinary of Wisconsin; and many of the other stars whose names still shine in the memories of football followers.

He saw and played a major part in the development of the game in the mid-West and has made a splendid record as a player, an official, and a writer of football.

PART TWO

IN the fall of 1899 I entered Hyde Park High School of Chicago and began to play football—or perhaps I ought to say I began to play football and entered Hyde Park High School. In those days practice for the football teams began before the school term opened, and candidates for the team made their appearance on the practice gridirons in Washington Park before the first Tuesday in September.

That year was the first in which there had been anything like systematic control of high-school athletics—football in particular. The Chicago high schools had football teams from the early '80's—I remember one championship banner, dated 1884, that hung among the Hyde Park trophies—but the teams had not been composed entirely of high-school students.

The managers of the school teams, themselves high-school boys, made the rules that governed the high-school league and they changed the code at will. At one time they were so lax that the only eligibility requirement was that a player must have been in high school for ten school days before the game in which he played, and have gone to classes fifteen hours a week. The programs of some of the players included one hour of gymnasium work, one hour of singing, two hours of drawing, and eleven other hours devoted to the easiest subjects they could select. Not that it made much difference what these subjects were: there was no requirement that they keep above any certain mark in their studies. They could get zero for all their courses and still play—and some of them did.

Under these conditions the high-school managers played anyone they could induce to go to school. Several of the players were voters; one, I remember, was twenty-eight years old. Several of the high-school players served in the Spanish-American War as soldiers and as sailors on board the fleet that won the naval battle off Santiago, then returned to school and played on their old high-school teams.

The Chicago Athletic Association had a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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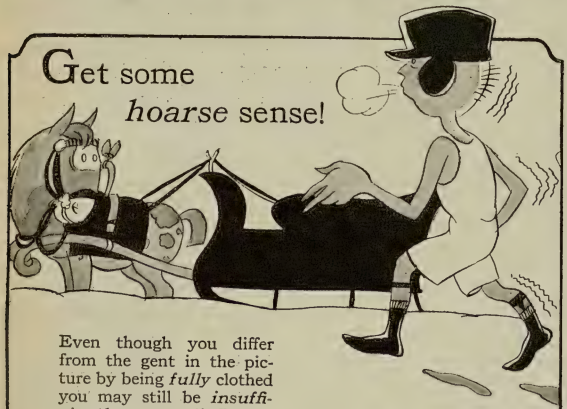

Even though you differ from the gent in the picture by being *fully* clothed you may still be *insufficiently* protected! Just to leave your *inner* throat unguarded may force on you the sad lesson of hoarse sense. (That's the wisdom taught by painful, dangerous coughs and colds.)

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[MY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF FOOTBALL
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

football team at that time that was as strong as any in the country. It was composed of graduate college athletes, and some of these found time to play on the various high-school elevens during their spare hours.

This condition had been corrected the year before I entered school, and faculty control of high-school football had been instituted. Bona-fide attendance at high schools was required and scholastic standards were introduced, much to the disgust of the veterans.

Some of the traditions of the old days lingered, however, and one of them endured to the benefit of the game. This was that high-school teams were the equals of the smaller colleges and had nothing to fear from the big universities of the Western conference.

Hyde Park High School in particular cherished the memory of a notable game in which the University of Chicago had been defeated in 1894. Every Hyde Park team hoped that it might repeat the 1894 victory.

I WEIGHED only 118 pounds when I turned out for the Hyde Park team in 1899. Those were the days of the mass play, guards-back and tackles-back formations and revolving masses on the tackles. There was little chance for a light man. In fact, there were only three positions on a team for moderate-sized boys — quarterback and the two ends. Naturally enough, I tried for quarterback; but Walter Connors, a former Hyde Park captain who was coaching the team that year, decided to use me at end. At end I played the greater part of the year, hurling myself under the heavy formations that made for my wing, and burying my 118 pounds under a ton or two of players.

Strangely enough, it was as an end that I was selected when I first made Walter Camp's All-American team, although in my college days I had never tried to play the position. I remember that my college mates were inclined to laugh at Camp's choice of a place for me. I don't know what induced him to make it, for I am pretty sure that he didn't know anything about my high-school experience.

In 1900 Walter Kennedy, captain of the University of Chicago championship team of 1899, and one of the greatest players who ever wore the Maroon, joined the Hyde Park coaching staff. Kennedy, although a physical giant, had played quarterback on the team of which he was captain. He picked me as quarterback and in that position I played throughout the season of 1900.

It was one which ended with one of the greatest disappointments in my life. We went through the season undefeated and met North Division (now Robert Waller) High School on Marshall Field (now Stagg Field) to decide the Cook County championship.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

North Division kicked off to the Hyde Park two-yard line—the field was 110 yards long instead of 100 yards in those days. I caught the ball and with splendid interference from my teammates was able to run the entire distance of the field—108 yards—for a touchdown. Naturally the Hyde Park rooters went wild and believed the game was a walk-away. I think some of the team thought so too.

ANYHOW, we failed to kick goal after touchdown and had to be content with five points. The game seesawed back and forth after that, without either eleven's showing superiority. Finally North Division scored by a series of line plunges, and the score was tied. The try for goal after touchdown was made at a difficult angle; but Johnson, the North Division halfback, who afterward starred with Northwestern University, made the additional point

Hyde Park in action in 1902 with Eckersall passing back to Hammond.

and North Division led for the remainder of the game.

Just before the end of the struggle, came a play which illustrates how necessary quick thinking is on the football field. Hyde Park was fighting desperately for another touchdown, but finally lost the ball inside the North Division twenty-five-yard line.

Johnson dropped back to kick, and one of the Hyde Park forwards blocked the attempt, the ball rolling toward the North Division goal line. Three or four Hyde Park players were between the nearest North Division player and the ball. The oval was still rolling and might have gone over the North Division goal line.

At this moment a Hyde Park player dove for the ball and downed it five yards from the goal line. Time was called before the next play was started and, although there was a dispute, the game was over, the score stood 6 to 5 in North Division's favor, and the championship had gone.

If the Hyde Park player who fell on the ball had waited a moment for it to roll across the goal line, he would have scored a touchdown, winning the game. Or, if he doubted that it was going over the goal line, he could have kicked it over the scoring line and then fallen on it, still scoring the touchdown. The rules at that time permitted kicking a loose ball, but did not permit it to be thrown or batted forward. It remained for Tipton, a famous West Point center, to avail himself of this rule, when he dribbled a loose ball half the length of the field and finally fell on it for a touchdown, in one of West Point's big games.

However, the disappointment of 1900 only spurred us for the season of 1901, in which we repeated the feat of the 1894 Hyde Park team, and defeated the University of Chicago on its own field. In those years, the high-school teams rather than the varsity scrubs furnished the university with its real practice—in fact, the University of Chicago seldom had enough players on its squad to make up a full second team.

Hyde Park High School was within a few blocks of the university, and it was advantageous for both the high school and the university to play each other frequently. There were generally several unofficial games during the year. There were also regularly scheduled games, and it was in one of those that we won a recorded victory. I had been elected captain of the 1901 team, and most of the players had returned to school. We started practice early, so were ready when we met the university on Marshall Field.

THE game started with Chicago kicking off, a few line plays, an exchange of kicks and fumbles. Finally we secured possession of the oval in midfield. We gained on line smashes, and then I was fortunate enough to break away on a delayed pass and skirt right end for a run that brought me to the Maroon eight-yard line before I was downed. Tom Hammond, later star back on the University of Michigan eleven, was shot into the line and almost made the five yards required in three downs on one attempt.

Then Sam Ransom, one of the greatest colored players the game ever produced, and later a star at Beloit College, made it first down and then we had three downs to make as many yards. I called on Hammond again and he drove through the line for a touchdown. Ted Knorr kicked goal and the score was, Hyde Park, 6; Chicago, 0. There it stayed for the remainder of the game. In the second half Chicago fought desperately, but in vain.

With the Chicago victory for a starter, we swept through the high-school ranks in easy fashion in 1901. Englewood, our ancient

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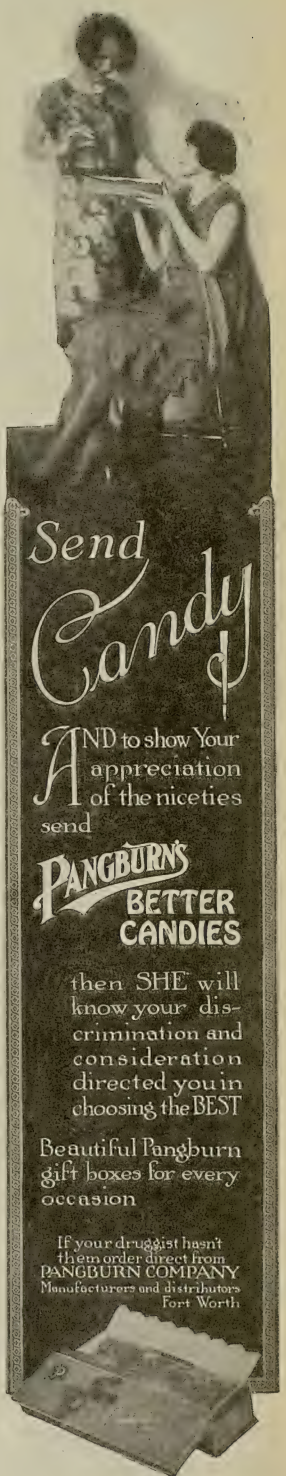

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

[MY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF FOOTBALL Continued from Page Sixty-one]

rival, was downed 33 to 0, the worst defeat administered it by Hyde Park up to this time. North Division, which had beaten us the year before, lost 6 to 0 and 11 to 0 in two games. Evanston was defeated, 11 to 0, and West Division overwhelmed, 57 to 0.

The final game of the year was with North Division on Marshall Field. I had the good fortune to make both of our scores in this game. The first was a field goal from the forty-yard line, counting five points. There was no scoring after this until the second half, although we constantly threatened North Division's goal. A mixed signal lost the ball for us on North Division's twenty-two-yard line and almost immediately North Division was forced to punt. Hitchcock, later on the University of Chicago championship team of 1905, was kicking for our opponent. I was playing back and credited him with greater distance than he was able to make.

THE result was I was forced to run almost at top speed to catch the punt, snaring it on my own fifty-yard line. Two North Division players were almost upon me, but Ransom took one, and the speed at which I was going caused the other to misjudge his tackle and I shook him off rather easily. I headed for the side line, and after evading another North Division tackler had a clear field and scored with comparative ease.

In 1902 I was elected captain again. Our old backfield was intact, and we had a team of veterans such as has seldom been gathered together by a high school. Most of the boys on the team were later college stars; such as Tom and Harry Hammond of Michigan, Baird of Princeton, Ransom of Beloit, and Wolfe of Michigan.

Eckersall as a high-school baseball player.

Perhaps we were a little bit cocky this year, for high-school boys, for we weren't satisfied with meeting the University of Chicago, which had poor teams in 1900 and 1901; we decided to play the University of Wisconsin as well. Wisconsin was a strong contender for the Western championship that year and on it were such stars as Abbott, Juneau, Lerum, Vanderboom, and Driver.

The game started with Wisconsin driving us back to our ten-yard line, where we took the ball on downs. Under the conditions, Wisconsin expected us to kick and I humored the idea, dropping back for the ball as if about to punt. Instead, I started around Juneau's end and got away for fifty yards before I was finally tackled from the side by Abbott, after dodging Driver and Fogg.

From that time until the close of the first half, Wisconsin was on the defensive. We scored soon afterward, Tom Hammond carrying the ball over on a ten-yard run off-tackle, but we failed to kick the goal. After that I twice kicked over the Badger goal line, forcing the Cardinal to touchbacks. The half ended with Hyde Park in the lead.

In the second half, however, it was a different story. The Wisconsin team woke up and by steady smashing plowed its way through our lighter line for four touchdowns, winning 24 to 5.

We were unlucky against Chicago that year. The Maroons were far superior to the team of 1901, but we held it to one touchdown in the first half, and in the second half scored one of our own on a 105-yard run by Wolfe, our right halfback. We thought we kicked goal after this touchdown, but the referee ruled against us and decided the score was 6 to 5 in Chicago's favor. In the second half, we kept constantly threatening the Maroon goal, and when the game ended the ball was in our possession, on Chicago's ten-yard line.

The writer at the beginning of his career.

With our veteran team, we had little opposition in the high-school league. South Division went down in defeat, 72 to 0. West Division fared even worse, the score being 74 to 0. Our old rival, Englewood, captained by Art Badenock, who later was a star tackle at the University of Chicago, tried to stop us, but was defeated, 57 to 0. North Division did a little better, holding us to 28 to 0. Walter Steffen, later All-American quarterback, Chicago captain, judge of the Superior Court, and present advisory coach of Carnegie Technical Institute, and Leo De Tray, afterward captain and halfback at the University of Chicago, were two members of the North Division team in this game.

With our second County High School championship safe, we looked around for new worlds to conquer and naturally our eyes turned to the East. We began to look up the records of the best academy and high-school teams along the Atlantic coast. Brooklyn Polytechnic, which furnished Yale with several players and captains, had won the Long Island interscholastic championship, and had defeated some of the best preparatory schools in the East, was our choice. Negotiations were opened and concluded, and an East versus West game arranged to be played on Marshall Field, early in December.

This struggle, the first intersectional interscholastic football game ever played, created unbounded interest not only among the high schools and academies of Chicago and Cook County, but the Middle West as well. It also attracted the attention of university and college men, while Coach Stagg of Chicago and Yost of Michigan assisted in putting the finishing touches on my team for this crucial struggle.

Naturally, we had a deal of respect for the Eastern eleven, which was heralded as the equal of most minor college elevens of its section.

The Brooklyn eleven arrived the day before the contest, and worked on Marshall Field. We looked them over, and because of their weight and size we had the utmost respect for them.

The day of the game was anything but favorable for football. About noon a light snow began to fall, and it continued to snow throughout the contest.

It was not necessary for anyone to give us the customary line of chatter before the game. Each one of us knew what depended upon the result. In fact, all of us were ready to cry as we went on the field.

The game was not two minutes old before we scored a touchdown, and this score was just the beginning of one of the biggest routs in the history of football.

OUR fast backs—Wolfe, Tom Hammond, and Sam Ransom—tore around the ends, off the tackles, and through the line at will. I was lucky enough to get away for long runs from punt formations and other plays of a deceptive manner. In fact, we got tired running, and when the final whistle of that game was sounded, my team was on the long end of a 105 to 0 score.

Near the close of the struggle, I had my left collar-bone broken, the only serious injury I ever received in a football game. I had been tackled, and in some unknown manner a Brooklyn player pounced on me with his knees and broke the collar-bone.

I tried to play, but my left arm was useless, and I had to leave the game.

After the game, Stagg, Yost, McCornack, and many other men well known in the football world, heralded the Hyde Park eleven as the greatest preparatory school team they had ever seen.

In fact, this team is still rated as one of the greatest if not the greatest high-school eleven ever developed in this country.

It was a fitting climax to my high-school football career. Like many other players of my time, I was told of the great opportunities offered by many universities and colleges in the country.

During the winter of 1902 and 1903 and the spring of the latter year, I was frequently asked where I intended to go to college, but my mind was never made up until the gridiron fever took hold of me on an early September day of 1903.

The great teams of the early days of the present century and the stars that made them are intimately discussed by Mr. Eckersall in the next issue of LIBERTY.

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Gloria Swanson Pays the Price of FAME

She Has a Marquis and $20,000 a Week, But She Can't Be Happy

Gloria Swanson
Photo by Kesslere

A Movie Review

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

GLORIA SWANSON gazes down upon the city of New York from an expensive and specially built aerie on the roof of the Park Chambers, nineteen floors above Fifty-eighth Street. It is both Egyptian and Statler. She is a marquise and she is happily married. She has a country estate at Croton-on-Hudson. She draws $10,000 a week and her royalties under her new contract should bring $10,000 more. She is possibly the most popular feminine screen star right now. It is natural to assume that Miss Swanson ought to be happy—but she isn't.

Being singularly thin-skinned, she is harassed continually by criticism, worried over her future, and hounded by the jackals who pursue the celluloid great.

The strain has grown with the fame. Miss Swanson's latest (and final Famous Players) picture, Fine Manners, took three months in the making, due to her illness, three changes of directors, and general studio difficulties.

Ten years ago Miss Swanson lived in the Logan Square section of Chicago. She went to grammar school.

The old Essanay plant stood near Evanston Avenue. Miss Swanson applied for a job as extra. She got it—and $3.25 a day. At the moment Wallace Beery was an Essanay star comedian, appearing as a comedy Swedish servant girl in the "Sweedie series." The extra girl from Logan Square won Beery and married him.

The marriage was a failure, but not until it had brought Miss Swanson to California. There was a divorce. Meanwhile Gloria worked in Sennett comedies and then in early Triangle dramas. But Cecil de Mille had observed her. Result: Gloria became a de Mille player in all those early boudoir specials, ranging from Why Change Your Wife? to Male and Female. Stardom with Famous Players followed.

Miss Swanson was married again, this time to Herbert Somborn. On October 7, 1920, Gloria II was born. Later the star adopted a son, named Joseph. Then divorce again.

Miss Swanson's marriage to the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, in Paris early last year while she was making Sans-Gene, is still a vivid newspaper memory. It touched a high-water mark in screen publicity, and it was predicted by film insiders that Gloria would begin to wane in public interest. So Miss Swanson's worries began.

Possibly the thing I like best about Miss Swanson is the way she has refused to have her daughter publicized. Gloria II never has been photographed. I can only say that she is blonde and about to lose two front teeth.

In spare moments Miss Swanson frequently visits the Marquis' office in an East Forty-second Street building. He handles the importation of French literary efforts. He is also a short-story writer, as LIBERTY readers know.

I have wandered a long way from Fine Manners, which, it should be noted in passing, is entertaining. The old hokum of the working girl and the clubman, it nevertheless is persuasive on account of the star's work and personality.

Short Comments

One Minute to Play—Introducing the Galloping Ghost, Red Grange, to the screen. Grange is something more than a mere newspaper headliner trying to get by in films. He has real honest-to-goodness screen qualities, possessing a Richard Dix sort of celluloid personality. The football stuff is done with a genuine kick and Grange will win you surely in this picture.

Do You Know That—

After Pola Negri announced that she would do Camille, Norma Talmadge followed with a similar proclamation? Miss Talmadge also has the film rights to the Belasco Mexican melodrama, The Dove, played last season by Judith Anderson? Rex Ingram is to get the Legion of Honor medal from the French government? Charlie Chaplin's new comedy, The Clown, will not be released until after Christmas?

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Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know?

LIBERTY asks twenty questions every week. We want YOU to send them in, together with the answers. For each question and answer published, LIBERTY will pay one dollar.

Don't send us trick questions, or puzzles. But puzzlers, yes.

Questions may be on any subject under the sun, and you may send in as many as you like.

Everybody knows some curious fact, of general appeal, that others would be interested in knowing. Send it in.

How many of these can you answer?

1—What painter put his enemy into hell? And what Pope refused to take the painter's enemy out?

2—What edition of the Bible is known as the "bug Bible," and why?

3—What are the real names of Gabriele d'Annunzio, Sarah Bernhardt, Ouida, George Eliot?

4—To which two sires do the great majority of American harness racing horses trace their ancestry?

5—What Scotchman ruled as an emperor in the United States?

6—Is New Orleans situated on the Gulf of Mexico?

7—Who introduced golf into America?

8—What was the nationality of the explorer who discovered North America for England?

9—What tribe of Indians has maintained independence for more than 300 years, refusing to acknowledge the rule of any government?

10—Who was the first heavyweight champion fighter?

11—Where did our domestic chickens originate?

12—What was the name of the capital of Alabama which is now a deserted town?

13—Who was Cleopatra's husband?

14—What is the size and weight of a baseball?

15—Who was the author of the first works written in the Anglo-Saxon language that are still extant?

16—What are the ductless glands?

17—Who invented the modern skyscraper?

18—Who were the Wideawakes?

19—Why did Henry Ward Beecher write his only novel, Norwood?

20—What is at once the smallest and the oldest state in Europe? Where is it?

See the Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What is the first recorded use of poison chemicals in warfare?
A.—In 425 B. C. the Spartans burned sulphur before the walls of Athens to drive the defenders from the walls.

2—Why is Portland cement so called?
A.—It was named by Joseph Aspdin, a bricklayer of Leeds, England, who invented it in 1823. He thought it resembled a famous building stone found on the Isle of Portland.

3—Can a lion climb trees?
A.—No.

4—Who was the real Robinson Crusoe?
A.—A British sailor named Alexander Selkirk who spent four years (1704-1708) on the Island of Juan Fernandez in the South Pacific.

5—It has a beak like a duck, hair like a cat, and a tail like a beaver. It has four legs and web feet. It lives on both land and in the water, lays eggs and hatches them like a bird, but feeds its young at the breast. What is it? (This is not a trick question. There really is such a creature.)
A.—The duckbill of Australia.

6—What is Scapa Flow?
A.—An inclosed water area in the Orkneys, north of Scotland where the German fleet was scuttled in 1919. A famous racehorse, son of Man-o'-War, was named after Scapa Flow.

7—What distinguishes the names of all the offspring of the famous racehorse, Man-o'-War?
A.—All have some warlike significance, such as Crusader, Scapa Flow, Mars, American Flag, Edith Cavell, etc.

8—What is the highest known flight of birds?
A.—Geese have been seen flying over the highest peaks of the Himalayas at an estimated height of 35,000 feet.

9—How fast does a homing pigeon fly?
A.—About thirty miles an hour.

10—Why is castor oil the best lubricant for airplanes?
A.—Because, unlike most thick oils, it does not become thin at high temperatures.

11—What large animal cannot utter a sound?
A.—The giraffe.

12—When was the violin invented?
A.—According to tradition, the first stringed instrument played with a bow was invented by a king of Ceylon about the year 5,000 B. C. The violin was first brought to perfection by Andrea Amati between the years 1554 and 1580.

13—Why can't a snake close its eyes?
A.—Because it has no eyelids.

14—What was the longest siege recorded in all history? In American history?
A.—The siege of Tyre by Nebuchadnezzar II began in 585 B. C. and lasted thirteen years without success. The siege of Richmond by the Federals in the Civil War lasted 287 days, when the city was evacuated by the Confederates.

15—What grass grows 100 feet tall?
A.—The bamboo.

16—Who first invented and drove an automobile with an internal combustion motor?
A.—Levassor, in France, in 1891.

17—What is a fresco?
A.—A painting done on freshly spread plaster before the plaster dries.

18—Where was the first ghetto and who instituted it?
A.—The first ghetto was instituted by Pope Paul IV at Rome in 1556.

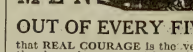
19—Why do earthworms come to the surface of the ground in great numbers after a heavy rain?
A.—To escape drowning when their burrows are flooded.

20—Who originated the phrase, "the almighty dollar"?
A.—It was first used by Washington Irving in The Creole Village, published in 1837.

FOUR MEN

OUT OF EVERY FIVE AGREE

that REAL COURAGE is the very Magazine that they have always wanted but never could find. You will agree also. Men value it simply because its articles on Health and Hygiene deal with problems daily confronted by men everywhere. Its Editors know what special information men are seeking and courageously supply it. Daringly different, courageously sincere, REAL COURAGE is hard to describe



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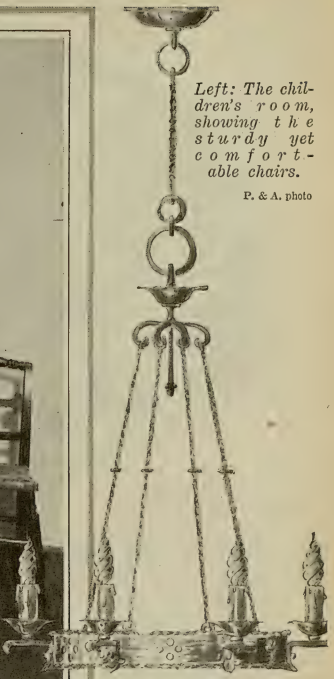
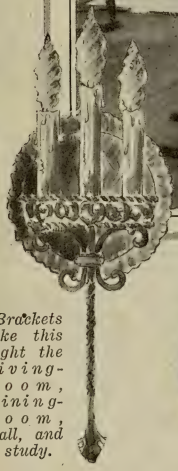
Left: The children's room, showing the sturdy yet comfortable chairs.

P. & A. photo



An English ceiling light in the Davis home.



Brackets like this light the living-room, dining-room, hall, and study.

Color Effects *that* Beautify *a Home*

An Article by GRACE L. DAGGETT

EDITOR'S NOTE—In a series of articles, the building of LIBERTY'S homes in Bronxville, N. Y., Kansas City, Milwaukee, and Spokane was described step by step. But our readers, unwilling to say good-by to these houses before seeing how they were made ready for occupancy, asked us to go a step further and tell how they were furnished and decorated. So, in a second series, Miss Grace L. Daggett, well known interior decorator, is telling how LIBERTY'S four families transformed mere houses into comfortable, beautiful homes. This is her third article.

Showing the wall paper in the guest-room.

COMPLETED at last, the charming English home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Davis of Milwaukee is now demanding that attention be centered on the decorations of the interior.

With truly artistic understanding, Mrs. Davis has devoted much time to planning the making of a home that will be beautiful and, above all, livable.

She has visualized the completed furnishings, carefully planned all the color schemes and arrangements, and taken into consideration both the furniture she already owns and the new, which is to be acquired gradually. With this definite idea in mind, each selection will be made with reference to this plan.

Throughout the Davis house you will find interesting hardware of hammered iron in old

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Mr. Davis chose this paper for his den.

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[COLOR EFFECTS THAT BEAUTIFY A HOME
Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

English designs, with lever handles on all doors of the first floor, and knob handles for the upstairs rooms. These are the touches that add interest and individuality to the weathered oak woodwork of typical English homes.

The wall brackets and lighting fixtures are of decorated wrought iron, designed by the architect, Russell Barr Williamson, so the starting point is a good one and leads naturally to the next step, the decorating of the walls.

Considerable time has been devoted to deciding on the particular kind of wall finish for the main rooms of the first floor. Many suggestions, temporarily entertained, have all finally been cast aside in favor of rough plastered walls, tinted in soft tan, which will be used throughout the first floor, except in the den. At this point Mr. Davis expressed himself in favor of a beautiful imported wall paper of Chinese design, in tones of rose-mulberry, green, blue, and gold, on a black ground.

"I could work with *that* background," said Mr. Davis, whose daily bread is earned by criticizing actors, good, bad, and indifferent.

SUCH striking paper could be used only in a detached room, which, fortunately, is true of Mr. Davis' den. Mrs. Davis decided to follow the lead of her daring husband by painting his ordinary, flat-topped business desk in rose-mulberry, glazed in deeper tones of the same color.

An old day-bed will be painted the same color, and gayly redressed with a cover of black sateen piped in mulberry. The cushions will be round and square, some of mulberry, others of black, relieved by bands and pipings.

At the windows there will be

Showing the quaint wall paper for the children's room.

smart, glazed chintz curtains of tan with a small black conventional vine design. These curtains will be finished at the sill and will be bound in plain mulberry tint. An old overstuffed chair will be rejuvenated by a slip cover of the same tint. A tan rug with a black border — salvaged — will provide the floor covering.

All in all, the color effect is excellent. This room emphasizes the point that by planning properly, doing over old things instead of despising them, it is possible

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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The Affair of The Leopard's Spots
By ACHMED ABDULLAH
Will Appear
IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

to make your surroundings inspiringly beautiful without much outlay.

The downstairs floors of the main living-rooms are tiled with a random pattern of continental, unglazed, cushioned faience, in coloring shaded from tan to reddish brown. In the living-room and hall, small Oriental rugs, evenly placed, will be used for the present, and in the dining-room, during the formative years of the Davis children, there will be no covering at all.

The tile floors are sufficiently decorative in themselves to require little covering.

A plain dark blue Wilton carpet, formerly used in the living-rooms of an apartment, will be cut and laid on the stairway and upper halls.

IN selecting wall paper for the upper rooms, soft, neutral, warm colors were chosen. It required some time to find just what Mrs. Davis wanted, but it was finally decided to ignore the price and indulge her taste in making the choice.

A graceful crane, exquisitely drawn, its coloring white, yellow,

A corner of the master bedroom.

and gold, on a ground of French gray, with irregular broken lines of gold through the surface, was the design selected for the master chamber. Painted furniture in apple green, with floral decorations, will form the furnishings, which this paper will set off to advantage.

The mahogany furniture, formerly used in Mrs. Davis' room, has been moved into the guest-room and there will be little expenditure here at the moment. A well covered paper of soft cream color, its decoration a group of figures alternating with a festooned basket of flowers, is the charming choice for the walls. Nothing new will be required when the furniture rests in place against this beautiful setting.

When it came to the children's room, there was some debate as to whether a bright colored paper might not be preferable; but when Mrs. Davis found among the books of the local decorator a pastoral scene in tones of warm cream and tan color, she concluded to use it. The figures of children at play are fascinating to young and old alike, and the imagination of any child will be stimulated by the little group,

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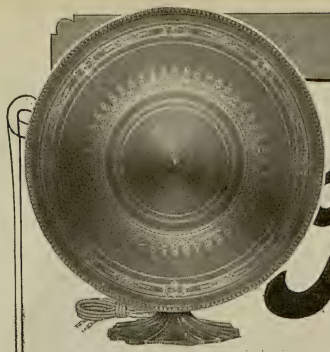

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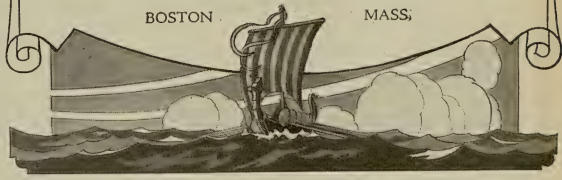

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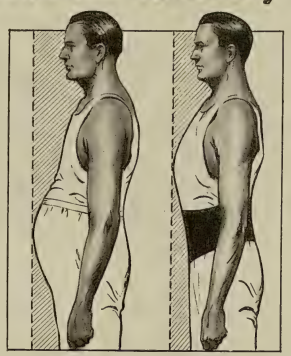

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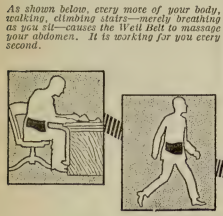

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[COLOR EFFECTS THAT BEAUTIFY A HOME Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

with its animals, flowers, and birds.

The furniture is to be painted; it will include two beds, a plain chest of drawers for clothes, some small chairs, and a play table. Closets under the eaves have been provided for toys.

The bathroom has a striking floor of black-and-white tile. This tile extends part way to the ceiling, and is finished with a border of black. Bright orange was the color used in painting the stool and clothes basket in this room. A rubberized bath curtain of orange, green, black, and white floral pattern will give a further color accent.

Since the window of the bathroom is directly at the front of the house, the curtains will not be emphasized and will be of simple black-and-white dotted Swiss. A wash rug, with brilliant orange tones on a black ground, forms an additional note of interest.

Mrs. Davis will utilize some plain-strip taupe carpets she already has, which will be sewed together and bound at the ends to make rugs for all the chambers.

In the matter of furniture for the main living-room, Mrs. Davis has a collection of pieces that she has acquired from time to time, and these are to be used in conjunction with some new selections.

BOTH Mr. and Mrs. Davis like smart effects but wish to avoid anything that is at all bizarre. Since this home is primarily to offer the right environment for their growing children, they keenly feel the importance of creating an atmosphere of frank sincerity throughout their plan.

In adapting the typical architecture of other countries to America, it is important to consider the reasons for the Italian and Chinese influences that are felt in English home interiors. The Anglo-Saxons were primarily lovers of gardens, trees, and shrubbery, and in designing their homes the architect gave due consideration to this point.

The Italian workmen that migrated to England in the early days brought with them ideas and customs of their own country. They are responsible for the arched doorways, stuccoed walls, and ironwork that are being employed so freely in English interiors in this country.

The East India Trading Company was also an important factor in introducing the Oriental atmosphere into English life, thus accounting for the great vogue for Chinese lacquer panels, cabinets, and wood, still to be found in almost every English home.

How some of these points will be carried out in the Davis home, will be told by Miss Daggett in a later issue.

In next week's LIBERTY, Miss Daggett will tell how the Visks, of Spokane, Washington, faced the problem of choosing a basic scheme of decoration for their home—and solved it.

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on every sheet and envelope in rich dark blue, up to 4 lines. Type is Plate Gothic, designed especially for clearness and good taste. Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift with your friend's name. Attractive 3 letter monogram if preferred. Just send $1.00 with name or Dresser and outside U. S., $1.10) and this generous supply of stationery will come by return mail, postage prepaid. Securely packed in a sturdy blue box. Please write or print clearly. Prompt service and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

National Stationery Co., 2537 Lincoln Hwy., Batavia, Illinois

SAY! LISTEN!

A NEW PAIR OF PANTS MATCHED TO YOUR COAT AND VEST. Just doubles the life of your suit. We can match almost any suit. 70,000 patterns. Sample is sent for your O. K. before making. All made to measure. Send piece of cloth or vest for matching.

ACME PANTS MATCHERS
Dept. A17, - 20 W. Jackson, Chicago
Enclose return postage if sent is sent.

Eileen Bourne's BEAUTY Question Box

HAVE you a question on beauty or personal hygiene upon which you need advice? Miss Bourne will help you. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply and address your question to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

To Take Off Tan

I tan very easily in the summer and the tan hardly wears off in winter, so I am getting darker and darker each year. How can I prevent and take the tan off?
ADA LEWES, Va.

The prevention of tanning, as with freckles, consists in avoiding sunlight. A bronzed complexion and sun-stained neck aren't so bad in summer clothes, but in another setting they are not welcome. Also repeated tanning and burning of the skin are damaging to the texture of the skin itself. A heavy cosmetic powder should be applied as a preventive measure. There are applications that are effective in removing tan, but you must be sure there is no corrosive sublimate in the preparation. It is a dangerous poison. The following formula has no harmful ingredients and has proved effective in many instances: Lactic acid, one ounce; glycerin, two fluid ounces; tincture of benzoin, two fluid drams, and water enough to make sixteen fluid ounces.

Reducing the Abdomen

Will you please advise how I can reduce my hips? They are not in proportion to the rest of my body. Also tell me how a waistline can be made slim and a stomach smaller?
R. M., N. J.

Correct posture is the first thing to acquire in reducing the abdomen. It flattens automatically if you carry yourself right. If there is a lot of superfluous flesh around hips, waist, and abdomen, exercises are needed of course. And what exercise is good for one is good for all three. Touching the floor with the hands, knees held rigid, is one good movement to be done twenty times. Any of the waist bending and twisting exercises will help. Because I have these in illustrated pamphlet form and therefore easier for you to grasp, I would suggest you mail me a stamped, addressed envelope, and I will send them to you right away.

For Sensitive Skin

I am a pronounced blonde, have blue eyes, and a very fair complexion, extremely sensitive to wind and hard soaps. Tiny scales flake off and my skin appears tight and drawn and smarts after I use soap on it.
BELLA K., Los Angeles, Calif.

When the skin is so abnormally sensitive a hard soap should never be used on it. A superfatted soap is the thing to use—one that gives the skin a feeling of having been slightly oiled. It is lack of natural oil in the skin that causes the condition, so the deficiency must be made up somehow. I should advise your using soap infrequently and cleansing with a good cream or oil cleanser. Complexions of this description need constant care to keep them in good condition. An application of tissue food is advised as a nightly performance, massaging it in lightly and letting a little remain on the skin after the surplus has been removed. Use a cream base always before applying powder or makeup of any kind.

Keep Up the Massage

My hair was overbleached, so I had it cut very short and am letting it return to its natural color, which is chestnut brown. It is taking much more time to grow than I expected it would. Is there anything I can do to speed it along? I have been rubbing olive oil in the scalp quite often. Is that good or bad for it?
MRS. PEARL M., Toronto, Can.

The olive-oil treatment is good unless the scalp is unnaturally oily. The massaging you give when you apply oil is really the thing that counts more than the ingredient applied. I'd suggest you keep up the massage—but make it daily. And brush the hair several times a day as an additional mechanical stimulation. This and keeping the hair shampooed often enough to be scrupulously clean are about all that can be done to get the natural color back after bleaching and dyeing.

LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty, by Eileen Bourne, has 48 pages of practical advice for every woman interested in looking her best. Use the coupon to order one today. It costs only 10c.

Liberty's Beauty Book,
247 Park Ave.,
New York, N. Y. **10**

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty, by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)
Street and No.....
City.....State.....

Presenting

Cupidsbow

THE SELF-SHAPING LIPSTICK CREATED BY HELENA RUBINSTEIN

An entirely new kind of lipstick—forms a perfect cupid's-bow as you apply it—ends fussing, shaping and smudging. In the new shades that are now taking Paris by storm!

"FEMININE lips should resemble as closely as possible a cupid's-bow." To this, painters, poets and authorities on beauty the world over, agree.

The new CUPIDSBOW lipstick created by Helena Rubinstein gives you this greatly desired and much admired effect instantly. *The veriest amateur at make-up gets the professional touch at once!*

Cupidsbow stays on . . . scientifically safeguards even the most delicate skin . . . is simple to use and molds itself to the individuality of the lips in exquisite curves.

Made in two typically Parisian tones—Red Raspberry (medium) rich and becoming to every type, Red Geranium (light) vivacious, flattering to blondes and an evening shade for all.

This intriguing lipstick can be had in containers of stunning Chinese Red with a band of gun-metal black—or in handsome silvered and golden casings, both also banded with black. *Each $1.50*

Other Beauty Essentials made by Helena Rubinstein

The basis of beauty

VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM—a marvelous cleanser—keeps complexion smooth, protected. Excellent for all normal skins, also the only cream that positively benefits an oily, pimpled or acne blemished skin. *4 oz.* 1.00, *½ lb.* 2.00, *lb.* 3.50.

To clear and whiten, follow with

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD—"*the skin-clearing masterpiece*"—lightens, and refines skin, bleaches tan, freckles and sallowness. The ideal beauty cream for daily use, the year round—1.00, 2.50.

For very obstinate freckles or a heavy coat of tan, use VALAZE FRECKLE CREAM. Bleaches, freshens and tones up the skin. 1.50.

Tone and Brace

VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION. Closes pores, keeps tissues firm, erases and prevents fine lines; a cooling, soothing, liquid day cleanser to which skin responds rapidly. 1.25, 2.50.

Oily skin, Blackheads

VALAZE BEAUTY GRAINS—a wonderful lather-forming wash—unsurpassed for correcting oiliness—clears away blackheads, whiteheads, greasiness, refines enlarged pores, and leaves the complexion smooth and velvety. 1.00, 2.00.

VALAZE LIQUIDINE—a beauty lotion that instantly absorbs oiliness and shine—use always before going out, especially on nose and chin. Leaves a mat-like smoothness. Excellent, also, for removing travel stains from face and neck. 1.50, 2.75.

Cupidsbow and all Valaze Beauty Preparations dispensed by trained and competent advisers at the better stores—or order direct from Dept. Y-10.

VALAZE *Trademark Reg.*

Helena Rubinstein

46 West 57th Street, New York

PARIS 52 & 126 Rue du Fg. St. Honore

LONDON 24 Grafton St., W. 1

CHICAGO DETROIT BOSTON NEWARK PHILADELPHIA

Fill Out and Mail This Diagnosis Chart

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN (Y-10)
46 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

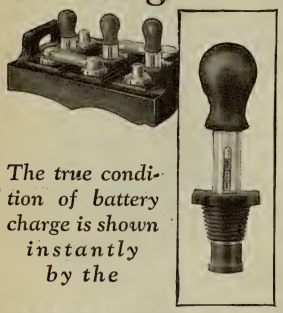
Please send me full individual instructions for correct daily care of my skin and facial contour No charge or obligation involved.

Check each of the items which applies to yourself—

( ) Dry Skin
( ) Oily Skin
( ) Average Skin
( ) Wrinkles
( ) Crowsfeet
( ) Double Chin
( ) Puffy Eyes
( ) Flabbiness
( ) Tan, Freckles
( ) Coarsened Skin
( ) Sallowness
( ) Blackheads
( ) Enlarged Pores
( ) Pimples, Acne
( ) Hollows
( ) Dry, Red Hands

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Dealer's Name.....

A New Idea in Battery Testing



The true condition of battery charge is shown instantly by the

SCRANTON
Battery-Cap-Tester

A REMARKABLE IMPROVEMENT that reduces several operations to one, and that the easiest one. No spilling of acid. No breakage of instrument. No soiling of hands or clothes.

Screw a Scranton Battery-Cap-Tester into each cell of battery in place of regular vent plug, and leave them there where they are always ready for instant testing.

To test, simply compress bulb and draw solution into tester. Three colored divisions—a special Scranton feature—show at a glance whether battery charge is GOOD, FAIR or POOR. When bulb is released, solution passes back into cell automatically.

Also tells when more water is needed —instantly, and without trouble of unscrewing vent caps.

Laboratory tested. Nothing that acid can injure. No adjustments ever necessary. Fully guaranteed.

Price $2.00 for set of three. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from us.

TO DEALERS

The new Scranton Battery-Cap-Tester is a quick seller that has already taken hold in a substantial way. Be ready for a rapidly growing demand that is daily becoming more and more evident. Order at once from your jobber.

Manufactured by the makers of Scranton Kantstick Battery Testers and other precision instruments

THE
SCRANTON GLASS INSTRUMENT CO.
SCRANTON, PA.

Send Coupon for Free Copy of "Handbook of the Battery"

THE SCRANTON GLASS INSTRUMENT CO.
Scranton, Pa. L 1023

Dear Sirs: Please send me free copy of "Handbook of the Battery."

Name.....

Street and No.....

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Dealer's Name.....

VOX POP

EDITOR'S NOTE.—No letter printed in Vox Pop ever elicited a more vigorous comeback from readers than a note from Samuel Bailey, M. D., of Mount Ayr, Iowa, which appeared some weeks ago. The doctor stated that he was "surprised, amazed, and disgusted" by LIBERTY'S series of articles on Jim Jeffries, entitled The Big Fellow, and hoped we would never again print stories about "brutal prize fighters."

Here are some of the other views:

"Insulting" Readers

DENVER, COLO.—Just a few shots at Samuel Bailey, M. D. What kind of blood has the Doc? If he has one drop of real, red blood, he is smothering it.

Anybody who is "surprised, amazed, and disgusted" by seeing a story of clean, vigorous, and aggressive physical manhood is looking at the side of life that is painted a real dark blue.

If other cities have the same viewpoint on this story as LIBERTY readers that I know in Denver, you can go right ahead and "insult" your army of readers all you want to—and they will like it.—*Charles E. McIntyre.*

A Sock for the Doc

PORTLAND, ORE.—I was admiring Jim Jeffries after reading an installment of The Big Fellow and turned to Vox Pop. Iowa's representative, Dr. Bailey, is evidently not a devotee of the manly art. I am not a housekeeper, but I do not begrudge the ladies their departments.

Live and let live, Doc. Jeffries is better known than you, anyway.—*S. D. Claghorn.*

Wants Red Blood

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. — After learning how surprised, amazed, and disgusted Dr. Samuel Bailey was after reading your wonderful story, The Big Fellow, I am glad that for every person like Samuel Bailey there are thousands with rich red blood who think the articles great. You can be sure that Jeffries inspired more young men to build better bodies than Samuel Bailey could, with all his pills and powders, if he lived to be a hundred years old.—*Walter F. Lindberg.*

One from Dad

BUFFALO, N. Y.—After reading what Samuel Bailey had to say about The Big Fellow, my advice to you is, never mind what Sam thinks, but just continue such stories. I understand it's LIBERTY'S aim to please the whole family. If you want to please dad, run another one as good as that—*please.*—*H. B. Washburn.*

Dominos for a Medico

BLOOMFIELD, IND.—I want to tell you how very much I have enjoyed your story The Big Fellow. Send Samuel Bailey, M. D., of Mount Ayr, Iowa, a set of dominos.—*Read Williams.*

Liked The Big Fellow

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Having read the slurring complaint of the M. D. from Iowa, about your articles on Jim Jeffries, I thought it but just that I should rise in behalf of at least all of the readers of LIBERTY that I know personally, and let you know that we are *not* insulted by such articles.

Jim Jeffries, I think, was far more a gentleman than many of our milk-livered friends who quail and wince at the mere mention of physical combat.—*Herman J. Wardein.*

Thinks War Birds a Fake

ATLANTA, GA.—The bulk of your stories and articles are excellent. There is an exception in War Birds, which purports to be a diary of a young man taking up his "wings" for the first time.

If there were such gayeties and so many hours A. W. O. L., with the omission of punishments, as this serial tries to make us believe, I must have enlisted in the air forces of the Province of Graustark, instead of the U. S. A. or any other Allied armies.

If this series is not a rank fake by someone who never saw France, as well as the other places mentioned, my name is not: *Elton McMurray.*

Shocked by War Birds

INDEPENDENCE, IA.—Had I never been in favor of prohibiting, so far as it is morally and legally possible, the use of alcoholic drink, I surely should be after reading War Birds.

Poor depraved boy! One wonders what kind of a home and mother he had—under what environment he grew up.

May God have mercy on him, for surely in him the sins of a former generation must have found a dwelling place.

Drink—gambling—going into the valley of the shadow. A soldier, but not a soldier of the Cross—speaking of an eternity in hell as a jest. Suppose you, my reader, were his father, your wife his mother!

Oh, what must be the standard of citizenship of any man, or men, who, for the profit it will make them, would buy this diary, and publish it to the world?

Poor mistrained youth—flaming youth—I trust that God had mercy on his soul.—*P. C. Heege.*

But Listen to This

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have been reading War Birds with great interest. As an old member of the R. F. C. and the R. A. F. from 1914 to 1919, I would like to congratulate you on the absolutely lifelike description of conditions in England at the time this diary was written.

Many of the British officers mentioned are known to me personally and in the latest installment several things which I can personally vouch for are spoken of.

On page 14 of the September 4 issue, when two Avros collided right over your author's airdrome, I happened to arrive at that particular station that very afternoon, to call on the Squadron Commander in question, and arrived to find what was left of the machines still burning. Again, on page 17, your author speaks of Colonel Rees. Colonel Rees was a magnificent pilot and would fly practically any type of ship, and the instance which your author refers to actually occurred, for I happen to know that Colonel Rees was very highly commended for his action.—*Hamilton Maxwell, late Major, R. A. F.*

Sniping at Sir Arthur

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Did Conan Doyle write that junk, The Adventure of the Three Gables—or some substitute? Somehow, it doesn't sound like the real stuff.—*Walter Koch.*

Are Women Too Masculine?

NORFOLK, VA.—Mr. A. B. See's views, given in Lin Bonner's article, The Enemy of Women, are in the main commendable.

The practical psychological fact behind the utter disdain, almost contempt, in which the average woman holds mere man in our U. S. A., may be traced to her minority in numbers in many sections of the country. This makes her a much sought after possession, to be garnered in by the highest bidder.

As she stands today, she is 50 per cent too masculine.—*Dr. C. R. Crosby.*

Stealing a moment, now and then, from the scrutiny of her skin, the sophisticated woman of today subjects her teeth to the same rigid inspection — for upon teeth smiles depend. And upon smiles — everything! So Pepsodent, widely urged by leading dental authorities for its therapeutic and prophylactic action, becomes at the same time a factor of indispensable value in modern beauty culture.

The Film on Teeth

To which science now ascribes many common tooth and gum disorders — to gain clearer teeth and healthy gums many authorities advise that film be combated daily, a new way

MODERN dental science now charges many tooth and gum disorders to a viscous film that forms on teeth—to a stubborn film ordinary brushing has not successfully combated.

For that reason, largely on dental advice, many are turning to a new way in tooth and gum care—a way different in formula, action and effect from any previously known, embodied in the tooth paste called Pepsodent.

What Film Is

Film is that viscous coat one feels by running the tongue across the teeth—a slippery sort of substance.

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And thus makes teeth look dull and dingy.

Film is the basis of tartar. Science tells us germs by the millions breed in it and multiply. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

According to authoritative dental research, film also holds food substances which ferment and cause acids. Then holds these acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Thus FILM, under modern scientific findings, is an ever-present, ever-forming danger in the mouth.

Must Fight Daily

ONE must fight film regularly; must remove it frequently, must make film removal a regular part of daily life. One can't expect healthy teeth—glistening teeth—as long as film clouds and endangers them. One can't properly fight gum disorders unless one fights film daily.

Old-Time Brushing Fails

Recent dental findings proved old methods mostly failed in effectively combating film. That is why tooth and gum troubles were markedly on the increase—why so many teeth were "off color"; so many smiles unattractive.

Thus, for years, dental research sought ways to fight film. Then found two discoveries that are changing the tooth-cleansing habits of the world.

New Method Removes Film And Firms the Gums

THESE discoveries are now embodied in the special film-removing tooth paste, Pepsodent. Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Modern research proves curdling essential.

It acts then to remove the film and to polish the teeth in gentle safety to the enamel. It acts to firm the gums. It embodies, for this purpose, the latest discoveries of the modern scientific world in proper gum protection.

No other tooth paste embodies protection features like those in Pepsodent.

* * * *

Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. And thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus, in many ways, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, second only to regular dental care, provides the utmost science has discovered to better tooth and gum protection.

Accept Pepsodent Test

SEND the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

FREE— Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 797, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George Street, Toronto, Canada. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W. 2253

BLUEBIRD
GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS

THERE'S a feeling of satisfaction in owning a "Bluebird" Diamond. There can be no doubt of their quality—no apprehension as to the mode of their design.

"Bluebird" Diamond Rings are not only guaranteed by your jeweler, but are serially numbered, registered and guaranteed by us. The written certificate of guarantee is double assurance of highest value.

"Bluebird" Diamond Rings are sold only by exclusive retail jewelers, and may be bought from them at nationally advertised prices.

Some retail jeweler near you probably has a "Bluebird" franchise. If not, send us your jeweler's name and we will see that you are supplied.

The BLUEBIRD
DIAMOND SYNDICATE, INC.
31 North State Street — Chicago

DIP the heated iron into the batter, immersing it only to three-fourths of its depth.

THE Tomato-Rose Salad, Crabmeat Supreme, and Curled Celery ready for individual service. Note the petal shapes of tomato.

IMMERSE the batter-covered rosette iron in hot fat (at 390° F.), taking care that the fat covers the iron completely.

Delicious *and easily made* Fall Luncheon Dishes

By

ETHEL SOMERS

NO time of year is easier or pleasanter for entertaining at luncheon than is the fall. The menu here set forth may be prepared ahead of time—on the morning of the luncheon or the day before, requiring simply the reheating of the hot dishes just before serving.

LUNCHEON MENU

Delicate Cream Soup with Croutons
Crabmeat Supreme on Rosette Patties **Rose Salad**
Curled Celery
Nut Bread **Butter**
Devil's-Food Cake **Hot Beverage**

Delicate Cream Soup

1 cup fresh or canned peas
¼ cup water
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups milk
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ to ¼ cup finely shredded, cooked carrot
⅛ to ¼ cup small cooked peas
A few grains cayenne
Whipped cream
Croutons

COMBINE the first three ingredients. Cook until the peas are tender, then sieve. Make a cream sauce of the next three ingredients by melting the butter, removing it from the fire, slowly stirring in the hot milk and cooking and stirring until thickened. Strain out lumps. Add cooked carrot and peas left unsieved, and the seasonings. Serve hot, garnished with whipped cream and croutons.

Rosette Patties

⅓ cup milk
7 tablespoons flour or ½ cup minus 1 tablespoon
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ tablespoon butter
1 egg or ½ egg will do

MELT the butter and add it to the milk. Add the slightly beaten egg and then add these liquids to the mixed, sifted, dry ingredients. Beat smooth with a mechanical egg-beater. Heat a rosette iron for one minute in the hot fat (390° F.). When heated, dip it into the batter, being careful to immerse the iron only to three-fourths its depth. Then immerse quickly in the deep hot fat (390° F.). It is essential that the fat be deep enough to permit a complete immersion, otherwise the inside of the rosettes will not be well browned. When the outside is a golden brown remove the iron from the fat, drain for a few seconds, and shake the finished rosette off on to absorbent paper to dry. Serve while hot.

Crabmeat Supreme

1 cup milk
½ cup cream
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup shredded crabmeat, fresh or canned
½ cup chopped mushrooms, if desired

MELT the butter over a low flame, remove from the fire, add the flour, gradually stir in the milk. Return to the fire and stir and cook for five minutes or until thickened. Add the cream, crabmeat, mushrooms, and seasonings, and cook over water for fifteen minutes at least to destroy any raw starch flavor. Serve piping hot or reheat at the time of service.

Rose Salad

1 head lettuce
6 uniform, round, rosy tomatoes
¼ cup mayonnaise
2 extra tomatoes for extra petals
½ cup whipped cream
24 celery curls for garnish

WASH, dry, and chill the lettuce. Cut the cleaned celery into short lengths, fringe the edges by slitting the ends ½ inch deep and placing in a pan of cold water in the lower part of a refrigerator. Wash the tomatoes and scald for a few moments, then cool; but do not remove the skins until the rose is formed. Remove a square plug from the stem end of each, leaving the tomato intact at the base to hold the finished flower formation together. Using a grapefruit knife, if at hand, or otherwise carefully cutting with a paring knife, cut petal formations. It is best to follow the natural section lines of the tomato, if there are any. Roll these cut petals back and insert a second tier of petals cut from the extra tomatoes as pictured. Remove the peel from the outside. (This will be found very loose because of the scalding if the tomatoes are at all ripe.) Place the tomato flower on the lettuce and garnish with salad dressing to represent the stamen.

AN excellent recipe for Nut Bread will be found on page 10 of LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes.

Devil's-Food Cake

½ cup butter
2 cups sugar
2 eggs
¼ cup grated chocolate
½ cup boiling water
½ cup milk, sour preferred
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt, unless unsalted fat is used. In such case use ½ teaspoon.

GRATE the chocolate into the boiling water and heat until melted. Cream the butter and gradually work in the sugar. Add the well beaten eggs and beat smooth. Add the milk to the cooled chocolate mixture. Alternately add the liquids and sifted dry ingredients to the creamed butter-sugar-egg mixture. Beat smooth and pour into layer-cake pans that have been greased and floured. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) from fifteen to twenty minutes or until the cake is well browned, shrunken from the edge of the pan, and well baked in the center. Remove to cake-cooler and ice with mocha icing while still warm.

(The most attractive service is made by baking the cake in four *thin* layers and icing each one. When the cake is cooled, slice and serve with whipped cream and pecan meats—plain or salted.)

100 TESTED RECIPES FOR 10 CENTS!

LIBERTY COOK BOOK,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y.

Please send me a copy of your cook book, 100 Standard Recipes. I inclose ten cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

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STREET or R. F. D. .....

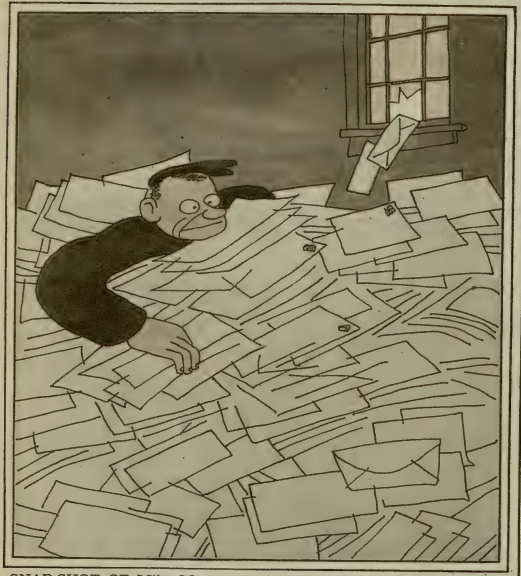
CITY ..... STATE .....

10-23-26

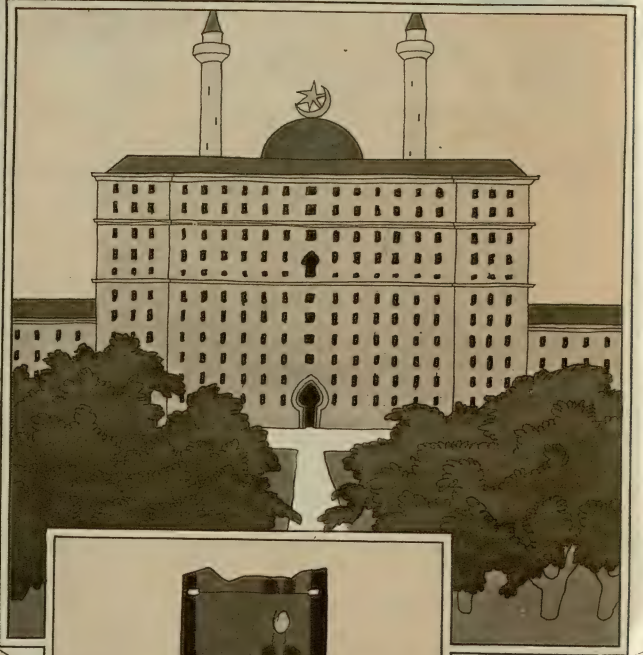
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

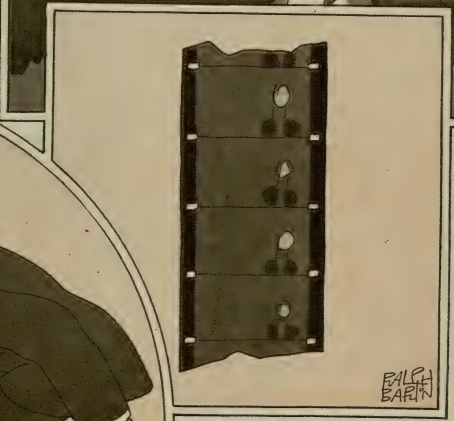
By RALPH BARTON



SNAP-SHOT OF Mike Mugg, notorious bandit, as he was found by police in his lair, trapped in the influx of direct-by-mail advertising for firearms.



HOME FOR EX-WIVES OF DEPOSED MOHAMMEDAN RULERS recently opened in the Neutral Territory between Spain and Gibralter by the Star and Crescent Society.



NEW EXHIBIT IN HOLLYWOOD MUSEUM: A ten-reel feature picture after it has passed through the boards of censors in forty-eight States.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: Testing a political speaker at headquarters to see how long he can talk on the subject of campaign issues without mentioning anything vital to the people.

SAFE NEW COCKTAIL WITH ALL ADVANTAGES OF DOUBTFUL BOOTLEG and no very harmful after-effects, consisting of electrically charged water with trip-hammer to supply kick.

The Try Out

is a Parisian SHORT CUT to Chic

By BETTINA BEDWELL

PARISIAN chic is hard to define. It is an expert mixture of certain potent elements that, combined, produce happiness, well-being, and a general feeling that the world is your oyster. Beauty is God-given; but the wearing of clothes is something one must acquire.

A most important element in a woman's life is her appearance, and appearance, to produce results, must be backed up by a personality supported by clothes. The person who sees you should be conscious, first of all, of harmony; that will never happen unless there is harmony between your personality and your costume.

It may have been mere whim that made you choose the frock you wear. A safer and shorter route, however, is that of the dress rehearsal and the tryout. This is one that the most distinguished Parisiennes use.

When you have selected a wardrobe sufficiently simple, unostentatious, and smart, the next thing is the dress rehearsal. This is done with the props of a room big enough to turn around in, and a mirror of sufficiently ample proportions to let you look at yourself from head to heels. Frequently you will discover that shoes chosen for one ensemble prove more effective with another; and so also as to hats and jewels.

Don't be self-conscious. Study yourself as an expert studies a strange specimen under a glass.

Suppose, for instance, you had acquired the ensemble from Jeanne Lanvin shown on this page. This would be smart for almost any autumn daytime event — campus or country club, the Ritz at one, or even an office.

After the rehearsal, the tryout—a public appearance in some not-too-important place, to test your judgment. Suppose you buy this ensemble to wear at some event of first importance to you. You don't wait for the fateful day to wear it. You make an opportunity to try it out before that time, so that when you get to your important date you will feel familiar, in harmony, and therefore ten times as effective.

The coat is of almond-green kasha, cut perfectly straight, and with only four seams—under arms and over shoulders. There is a collar and cuffs of *petit gris*—gray squirrel. This coat is distinguished by Lanvin's specialty of the season, a border that is quilted and embossed in self-material. America ought to produce some marvelous quilted borders all her own with grandmother's comforter patterns to give inspiration.

When you get inside you shed the coat and are discovered wearing a diamond-quilted jacquette of green velveteen. Probably you will peel this off, to show a one-piece frock of brown-beige kasha. The hat shown, by Lanvin, is of beige felt with a green tab tassel.

Our model from Worth, made of red crepe de Chine, has a curved tiered skirt, novel sleeves, and the revers. Almost any woman, in this frock, could sit in the Café de la Paix, with its thousand mirrors, and not be discontented with her appearance.

Our model with the velvet bolero is more difficult, because it is more striking, with its circular peplum accentuating the hip line, and its skirt made of black velvet, pointed bands, and inset plaited panels of gold lamé. Doeuillet, whose inspiration this is, meant it for the restaurant dinner or the theater.

This silhouette is one of the smartest that Paris has to offer, and it will never become common, because only a slender woman can wear it.

If this system of rehearsal and tryout, as used by the Parisienne, seems a good one, there is one more point to remember. Evening clothes must be tried out under artificial light. An evening coat, even such a one as that by Paquin shown here, looks sad in even a murky daylight; but at night—well, just wearing it is a distinction in itself. It is made of a very soft gold lamé, having a film of black on its surface, with luxurious bands and collar of sable, shirred sleeves, and a yoke-and-cape back, giving an aspect of aristocratic assurance quite irresistible. No one could appear awkward in it, and in this case the tryout would be no gamble, but it would aid in mastering the little tricks of wearing, which are, after all, one great purpose of this Parisian system of acquiring chic.

A COAT of squirrel-trimmed kasha, with its jacket of green velveteen and frock of beige kasha.

THE smartest evening wrap in Paris is a Paquin cape-coat of gold lamé with sable bands and collar. Sleeves and skirt ruffles are shirred at the top.

GOLD braid embroiders this velvet bolero, with a circular extension to give the smart flare at the hips.

PARIS sends us this simple frock of crepe de Chine in Burgundy red, with a new tiered skirt.

Feathers and Fur RIOT In Early Winter Models

By Mary Brush Williams

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I THOUGHT we had run the gamut of all the changes and imitations that leopard skin was to be the basis of and that its day was over. That shows how much we know in advance about the fashions. It is as smart as ever—when you can get it.

But apparently the leopard has become tired of reproducing its kind for the adornment of smart ladies. So now the ladies at the Ritz in Paris are stenciling a piece of cloth, preferably a piece with the look and feel of flannel to it, with the leopard's spots.

The bolero back, which is achieved by blousing, and the long Y line going down the length of the front, tell a large part of the story of the present styles. This cloth stenciling almost completes the very late news of what is popular; for there isn't enough fur in the world to supply the present demand for it.

TO the right is shown a black velvet frock lined with pink satin, which also makes the gilet and the flower.

AT the left is a sports frock of dull green covert cloth, with a white linen gilet. The skirt has narrow side plaits.

And speaking of styles that are "catching on," feathers seem to be making a go of it, although nobody thought they would. A feather boa, forsooth! People would think you were English. That was what some were saying in France when it began to be launched. But now the most Parisian of them are going in heavily for the newest device of all, which is a feather yoke.

Flat yokes of feathers are being seen at the Ritz even in the afternoons, and for evenings they take on an added luxuriousness by being of a lighter color, sometimes being substituted for ermine. They are also used to match touches of feathers placed elsewhere, such as on shoe-buckles. If you are wearing a hat, of course they should be repeated on it.

If I wished to be smart (as I do) and weren't going to get many new clothes (as I am not), I should have the coat and the sports dress, supplemented by the one with the puffs running round sides and back. The last is the sort of costume that keeps you adequately arrayed for so many different and far-reaching occasions, covering dinners on shipboard, dinners at all sort of places where you have gone by train or motor, dinners at the hotel and at homes in town, dinners at the country club.

You look handsome, you look elegant, and you look not overdressed, while adequate for anything, when you have it on. The pink satin that goes across the front is so very becoming, lightening the rich depths of the black velvet.

Nothing else in the world is so becoming as black velvet, with its softening effect which is at the same time regal. It is more flattering still when it is lightened with shiny satin in white or pink. The flower on the shoulder, by the way, is of black velvet and pink satin, too.

LIGHT blue crepe fashioned the dress at the left. Two of the bands that go round the dress tie on one hip and one on the shoulder.

ON the right is a coat with the new bloused back and popular Tuxedo front. It is banded with stenciled cloth resembling fur.

The model of light blue crepe de Chine also is a lovely thing to own. Baby blue is a favorite color for evening. One could never call it smart, but it has all of the other virtues, among which is becomingness. And it is the universal favorite of men. So, to recapitulate: If you have a bolero back, a Y front line, some feather trimming, some fur or near-fur, you are in line for the winter's chic.

The GIRL Men Don't Forget

Pictures by LESTER RALPH

DORIS opened the knife and bent forward. "Steve, I'm going to cut you loose."

The Final Shot Finds a Hero in the Dark

By

ELMER DAVIS

STEVE LAMAR was trying to track down Keith Lancefield and Harry Hart. He was dead sure Hart was up to his ears in the dope traffic. He believed Lancefield, too, was involved, and he wanted them with the goods on them.

Magazine articles, signed by Keith, were giving the Narcotic Squad—with Blalock at its head—false tips. They were, of course, deliberate blinds, as Steve suspected. Moreover, Lancefield was to marry Doris Kaye. Steve loved Doris. She had refused him, but there had been some light talk of the question being reopened "next week Thursday."

As a matter of fact, Harry Hart was also in love with Doris. A strange case, that. Hart was a taxi driver who had got Doris out of a scrape years before. She was a kid of sixteen then, dressed all in white, running away from wild companions. Hart saved her, remembered, and now their paths crossed again, for both he and Lancefield were hand-in-glove with the dope runners.

Hart tried to persuade Doris to give up Lancefield, but she had loved him for ten years—years of unhappy married life for him—and now that his wife had divorced him, Doris clung loyally to her memory of the brave, clean man he once had been.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

PART NINE (CONCLUSION)

IN the shelter of a sand dune Steve Lamar sat down, lit a cigarette, and pondered. In khaki hiking clothes, with tanned face and wind-blown hair, he looked like a person who belonged on a pirate-haunted beach rather than at a desk in Washington; and the curious thing was that he felt like it, too. Before him the surf washed feebly on the sand, the ocean was graying under the falling dusk. Against the sullen ocher back-drop of the western sky the distant Fire Island Light flashed white in the deepening haze. Night meant the chance of action—any night, now; and as Steve counted up the nights and days he suddenly laughed aloud. It was "next week Thursday."

Not what he had expected to be doing on that much-discussed date—but all there was left for him to do. And he suspected he had found the place where he might get some action. It was only a suspicion, based on the propinquity of this half-ruined shack behind him to the half-ruined dock on the bay side of the island, three hundred yards away. The shack was rotting and deserted, its windows broken out; the wind had drifted sand over one end of the bench nailed against the outside wall; but inside he had found cigarette stubs that looked fresh.

Then there was the dock. A path, not wholly covered by the wind-drifted sand, led between hummocks of coarse grass to a little cove on the shore of the bay; and here was a dock, rotting to ruin—a dock which had lately been repaired. Not adequately repaired, as by someone who used it regularly and took some pride in its appearance; but repaired just enough to make it safe for a man to walk on it in the dark without breaking his leg; safe for a motorboat to run alongside without snagging itself on a sunken pile.

Yes, it looked as if this was the place, and next week Thursday was certainly the most suitable time, for Steve Lamar. He seethed with violent feelings which demanded discharge in action. Action. . . . And if he got action——

Well, he had a gun and wouldn't hesitate to use it. Some advantage, after all, in playing his own hand and not Blalock's. But nothing could happen while daylight lasted; so he ate a sandwich, lit another cigarette, and never dreamed that a man flat on his belly behind a tuft of coarse gray grass was watching him, two hundred yards away; a man whose gun was loose on his hip, whose rocket pistol was ready to hand on a tuft of grass beside him.

II

TEN o'clock of a moonless night. At the outskirts of Patchogue, Lancefield switched off his lights and turned down a side street, coming out presently on an inlet where a row of rickety, disreputable wooden houses overhung the water, plank bridges linking them to the land. Beside the farthest house, dark and silent, he drew up. A figure detached itself from the shadow and came forward. Even when the man was beside the running-board, only his voice enabled Doris to identify Harry Hart.

"Your Tiana Bay story didn't go over worth a cent!" he said in an undertone. "They're still around—and Blalock's come down himself. I've sent two men in a boat without lights down the bay, toward the east, to try to pull him out of the way till we're through."

"Whyn't you hold this over for a couple o' days?" asked one of the men in the back seat.

"Couldn't get word out. They're starting their boat in tonight anyway, and I don't want to lose a shipment worth four hundred grand."

He saw the dim white shadow beside Lancefield. "Who's that?" he asked sharply.

Doris stepped out of the car; for a split second the glare of his flashlight dazzled her; then it was dark again and she heard his soft laughter.

"Like old times, eh? . . . Lancefield, you can't leave her here."

"Certainly not!" The snap in Lancefield's voice was like old times too. "She's going with us."

"Oh, no, she's not!"

"I certainly am," said Doris. "This seems to be a family affair, so——"

Again Hart's soft laugh sounded through the darkness.

"All right. It's your lookout. Come—this way."

Lancefield's hand piloted her along a narrow plank bridge, out on a dock. A black shape lay alongside it; an immense full-chested motorboat. Doris got down into it, her white figure a pale blur in the dark. Off to the left, glowed the lights of the town; far away to the right, the white light on the point of Fire Island blinked in the haze. But here there was only darkness; the star-set sky was mirrored in the black glass of the still inlet; under the glow of a shaded lamp the engineer's hands moved, gnarled hairy shadows. With a deep, sullen, muffled hum they got under way; the chill, salty air rushed past them. Doris saw faint glimmers on the fans of spray falling away from their bows.

Hart had found a comfortable wicker chair for her—she surmised that this craft could pose as quite a luxurious pleasure cruiser, by daylight—and here she sat alone for a while, the men talking farther forward—Hart, Lancefield, the two who had come down with them, and another. And the engineer made six. They could put up quite a respectable fight, Doris mused, if anybody came down on them—and she gasped to find herself excitedly looking forward to it. If only it had been a little less impossibly loathsome——

A dark figure sat down beside Doris's feet.

"Well?" said Hart. "Whose bright idea was this? Yours or his?"

"Mine," said Doris.

He grunted.

"You'd say so, anyway. Very clever, my dear. You pretty near knocked me off my feet when I turned the light on you. Exactly the same as when you came running out to me, that night, when you were sixteen. But it won't do. I don't mix business and pleasure. If I see Lancefield pull anything that looks queer tonight, no girl in white is going to stop me."

III

SQUATTING beside the ruined shack, Steve thought for the second time that he had seen a blacker shadow on the black-gray of the sea; that he heard a more rhythmic murmur through the low thudding of the surf that was dying to ripples. Something out there—probably waiting for a signal. And if there were a signaler in his neighborhood——

Steve rose and softly trotted back the sand-blown trail, stopping presently, for fear his moving shadow might be seen, even on this dim starlit night. Too late—it was seen; and Kilpatrick of the Narcotic Squad rose softly, his gun in one hand, his rocket pistol in the other, and slipped noiselessly from one hummock to another, parallel with the path.

Steve came down to the dock. The waves

rippled; almost noiselessly the bay spread out before him, a glossy black sheet losing itself in the murk. Blurs of light marked the towns on the farther shore, and against one of the blurs a black shadow moved; a muffled hum overrode the lapping of the water. Steve slipped behind a tuft of grass, where the path came down to the landward end of the dock, and waited. Six feet behind him, noiseless as a cat in the sand, Kilpatrick waited, hidden by a hummock, ready.

Steve pondered as the chesty black

DORIS shrieked and flung herself in front of Steve, her body covering his.

cruiser grew nearer, grew distinct, drew up to the dock, its muffled purr falling away to silence. Yes, his gun was ready; his flashlight —he would need that, perhaps, if it came to fighting several men. Secure behind his hummock, he pressed the glass down almost against the sand, touched the button for an instant—yes, it was in good order.

He gripped his gun and leaned forward as a dark figure rose from the boat and stood, apparently unconcerned, on the dock. They hadn't seen his light.

But Kilpatrick, six feet behind him, had seen it; Kilpatrick, on edge from the strain of long surveillance, was sure that this was the man whose light was to show the way. With one bound he came forward, gun in uplifted hand. As the man on the dock saw a black shadow blotting the stars he cried an oath. Steve started—heard a rustle of sand behind him—the butt of the lifted gun descended on his head and he fell forward. As he fell, there was a flash from the dock. The bullet from the silenced gun struck Kilpatrick down; he fell across Steve, his unused rocket pistol beside him.

CLINGING to Lancefield's hand, Doris clambered out on the dock just as Hart, standing where the boards touched the sand, cried suddenly. She saw a flash, but no sound overrode the faint clatter of men scrambling out on the dock, the wash of the ripples in the piling. Lancefield swore under his breath. Hart ran forward. A moment later they were all clustered about two bodies on the sand, in a squatting circle that shielded the flashlight Hart turned on them.

The uppermost man was dead, his shirt blotted dark.

"One of Blalock's mob," Hart muttered. "Now I wonder how many more— Ah, here's his rocket. Lucky he didn't have time to use it. Bring it along, Mike. . . . Now let's see——"

Doris gave a muffled cry as he turned Lamar over.

"What the devil!" Hart's pale eyes, aflame with suspicion, glared up at Lancefield. "Where does he come in?"

"He isn't k-killed," Doris stammered. "His heart's beating."

Hart's hands examined him.

"Knocked on the head," he observed. "He'll come to; and we'd better see that he's safe when he does. Get some of that rope, Bobo;

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET
Continued from Page Eighty-one]

tie him up." He turned to Doris. "*You* know him. What's he doing?"

"Lord knows. . . . He's been thrown out of the government Service." She added that in a rush, for she didn't doubt that Harry Hart would be perfectly willing to cut the throat of an unconscious man, if it seemed safer to cut throats than to ask questions.

"That might be a blind," Hart mused. "Well, cart him up to the shack, you guys. Can't keep Cullen waiting. Come along. No, Doris, you come with me."

"She won't—" Lancefield was beginning, but she knew they mustn't start quarreling now.

"It's all right, Keith. Mr. Hart trusts me." He laughed softly as they stumbled through the sand; his hand clutched her arm, guiding her.

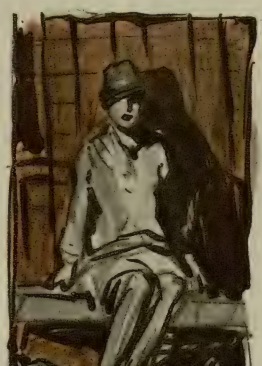
"I don't trust anybody, my dear. But you've got the spirit. . . . This man of Blalock's must have laid him out. Queer. He wouldn't have done that if— Well, he's not in this firm, anyway. We'll leave him tied while we do business."

Over the ridge above high-water mark, they came down to the sand and saw a boat drawn up in the rippling water on the beach, and four dark forms beside it. They were taking something out.

"You'll find a bench in front of the shack," Hart told Doris. "Sit down there till I tell you it's all right. Come, Lancefield."

WRAPPED in her white sweater, Doris shivered on the bench, back braced against the plank wall. Gradually her eyes became used to the starlit gloom. She saw men hurrying down the path toward the dock, men with suitcases. . . . Curious, that her adventures should begin and end with suitcases. She saw Hart marshaling them, hustling them along; Lancefield's tall figure lending a hand. She rather liked that, his willingness to do the dirty work with the others so long as he was in it.

Her eyes returned to the shack, to the bench. Something was lying on it. She leaned over and examined it curiously—a rocket pistol. She had seen them often enough in France. Then her glance came to an object that had been dumped in the sand beside the farther end of the bench, an oblong blur that identified itself, now, as she stared at it incredulously. She shifted to the end of the bench and leaned over, elbow on knee and chin in hand.



"Steve!" she whispered. He lay roped hand and foot, but his eyes glinted faintly in the starlight and she knew he was smiling.

"Can I—can I do anything for you?" she asked.

"Take some things out of my right-hand pocket," he told her in an undertone that matched hers. "I'm lying on them and they hurt."

She stooped, fumbled, drew them out, laid them on the bench—two extra flashlight batteries and a heavy clasp knife.

"Steve, what were you doing here?"

"Trying to play a lone hand—and gumming it, as usual. Who hit me?"

"A detective, I think. Harry Hart killed him."

"That's what I get for trying to be clever," he sighed. "I suppose he thought I was one of Hart's gang. He and I together might have stood them off till we got help."

"Oh!" said Doris. "I—Steve, can you forgive me? Hart didn't know what you were doing here; and even I wasn't sure. . . . But I am now. . . . Anyway, who am I to throw stones? I'm in it."

"So it seems," he observed coldly. "And why?"

"I've got to stick to Keith," she said. Then, as he swore softly— "Oh! You didn't know, did you?"

"I suspected something, but I didn't know. . . . I came to, some time back, but it's too dark for me to recognize anybody. . . . Bah! Keith Lancefield, of all men—and you, of all women! Let him sell his own slimy soul if he likes, but how did he dare drag *you* into it?"

"He didn't. I put myself into it. If he's in it I'm in it. . . . But we're both getting out after tonight. He's promised me."

"Promised you, eh?" said Lamar. "After tonight. After he's helped run in enough to send a few hundred more poor fools to hell. Even after you knew, he had to stay with it one more night—and drag you into it—into the risk of getting caught——"

"I TELL you I did it myself. He—he couldn't get out before this was done. And he didn't want to let me come——"

"But you had to make a gesture," said Steve. "A gesture of loyalty—put a rope around your neck. Oh, I know you're a fool for loyalty and I'm a fool for jealousy—but this is the rottenest business in the world. For him to stay in it when you knew—for you to let him——"

"It couldn't be helped," she sighed. "I know it's rotten, but we've done the best we could, both of us, since I found out. . . ."

She broke off; his face was harsh.

"You're right," she admitted. "That's no alibi. Good intentions don't help. It's the thing you do that counts, not the way you mean it."

Her eyes wandered back to the dim figures moving on the beach, hurrying down the trail; she surmised that this part of the work was almost finished. She opened the knife and bent forward.

"Steve, I'm going to cut you loose."

"What for?"

She shivered. "I'm afraid of Harry Hart. If he knows you've seen anything, he might kill you."

"I think not," he observed. "I can always play possum again and get away with it—and Hart's too pressed for time tonight to waste any on an unnecessary murder, and the row with you and Lancefield that it would presumably entail. That is, I suppose you and Lancefield would object."

"I deserve anything you think about me," she admitted meekly. "You—you wouldn't mix business with pleasure, would you?"

"No," he admitted. "But you needn't worry. None of this mob need worry, so far as that goes. I haven't recognized anybody but you—and I too have my loyalties. . . . Besides, Blalock would never believe anything I told him. No, it's safe to leave me——"

"No—I'm afraid."

She bent toward him, but Steve Lamar drew his hands away.

"Wait a minute, Doris." The starlight showed her hard lines in his face. "If you turn me loose, I'm in the Service again."

"But you couldn't do anything against so many."

"There's a rocket pistol on the bench beside you—the detective's, I gather. He wouldn't have brought it unless he knew somebody would be within reach if he fired it. And I'll fire it if you turn me loose."

"No!" she cried. He chuckled harshly.

"No, that wouldn't do," he observed. "If I did that, Lancefield would be caught—and you. A jury might be merciful to a pretty girl with quixotic loyalties—but it wouldn't be merciful to Lancefield. . . . No, my dear, you've chosen your side and you'll have to stick to it."

"But I'm afraid to leave you," she whispered. "Steve, you wouldn't do that—fire the rocket? If you did, you—you couldn't possibly—Harry Hart would kill you."

"Maybe. That's a risk of the trade. Personally I'd take the chance; but I can't let you cut me loose. You've got to understand you'd be ruining Lancefield."

"You'd take the chance?" she repeated. "You mean because I won't—because I'm sticking to Keith?"

"Do you think I'm as childish as that? I hope I'd have nerve enough to take the chance even if you were—waiting for me at home. I'm no enthusiast for the Service—you know that. But a man ought to do something—and about all I've done in thirty-two years is to stop a war in the Balkans. That's interference with a national pastime, like stopping Sunday baseball. But I happen to detest the dope trade. It's rotten. I'd do anything I could to stop it. Even if it meant sacrificing myself. Even if it meant sacrificing you."

Her heart pounded as she stared at him, his hair tousled, the muscles of his bare forearms tense, his face hard and resolute. And she had called him irresponsible! Why, he was—the words she had used last night came back to her—he was clean and hard and unselfish and blazing. *He* was what Keith had been, ten years ago.

Now Keith had gone to the devil and she was going with him—from loyalty. . . . But there were more loyalties than one. What did it matter about this Keith, this tired old man who had sold his soul for money? What did it matter about this Doris, who was letting herself go down with him because when you've given away your ten best years there isn't much point in holding back anything else? Her true loyalty, her supreme loyalty, was to the Doris who might have been, if things hadn't happened—to the old Keith who had been the best on earth, clean and straight and hard, a knight errant—the lost Keith who seemed reincarnated tonight, in the reckless resolution of Steve Lamar.

She dropped the knife, sank on her knees, and kissed Steve on the lips.

"Lie still," she whispered. "Play possum. Don't move, whatever happens." She rose, and in two steps had reached the rocket pistol.

"Doris!" With bound hands and feet he writhed, got himself half upright against the bench. "Doris! Let me——"

She raised her arm. She fired.

ABOVE them a crimson flower bloomed against the stars. In its lurid flare she saw the black figures of men running, a hundred feet away—some to the boat drawn up on the beach, some down the path. One of them, the tallest, ran toward her; another followed him—and the light went out.

A moment of blackness. . . . She heard bumping noises as Lamar heaved himself half erect against the shack; then feet thudded softly in the sand and Lancefield ran up, panting, furious.

"Who did that?" he demanded.

"Yes—" Harry Hart's cold voice came from behind him. "Who did that? Lamar?"

"I did it," said Doris.

A light broke out on the sea—a rod of white light that swept in a great arc across the waves and the sand, and rested on them at last, picking out their figures in a flood of brilliance—Lamar leaning against the shack, Doris and Lancefield, side by side, two steps away; and in front of them all Harry Hart, his gun covering them.

"Yes," he said softly. "Lamar's tied up. I guess you did it." He snarled at Lancefield, a stream of obscene epithets. "So you did double-cross me after all—but you're not man

enough to do your own dirty work. You made the girl do it for you. Well——"

The white light shone brighter as the Coast Guard destroyer rushed in. On the bay behind them they heard the roar of powerful motors, the sputter of a machine gun.

"They've got me," Hart admitted. "But I'll get you, Lancefield—and Lamar."

His gun shifted slightly. . . .

Doris shrieked and flung herself in front of Steve, her body covering his—a girl in white, her black hair waving, a white scarf drifting down over her shoulders, her frightened eyes appealing to Harry Hart. She heard a snarling laugh as his gun turned toward Lancefield. But just that split second had given Lancefield time to reach his own gun. Two red-gold flashes split the white radiance; there was a banging report. At that range, in that light, they couldn't miss. Both fell.

THE girl was clinging desperately to Lamar.

"Are you all right?" she was asking him, over and over.

"Yes, yes, I'm all right. Lancefield——"

She released him, turned. But Lancefield had died face downward in the sand while she was clinging to the man she had chosen. . . .

After a moment she rose from her knees beside Lancefield, took the knife, and cut Lamar loose.

"Anyway," she said shakily, "it wasn't the Keith I knew. . . . That Keith was dead already. . . . Come——"

He shook his head.

"It's safer to stay here. The Coast Guard has won this war."

The machine gun had stopped. The searchlight had moved away from them, sweeping the sea, picking out the flying speedboat. In the starlit dusk they waited.

Presently they heard the rustling of the grass.

"Who's there?" Steve called. A flashlight bored at him from the path, picked him out, leaving Doris and the two bodies in the darkness.

"Drop your gun," said a voice he knew. "You're covered."

"Ah, Mr. Blalock! You're too late to get the man you want."

Blalock came forward.

"I wanted a number of men," he observed, "and I've got most of them. And you've turned up again, as I rather suspected. So even though I've missed Harry Hart——"

Steve waved toward a black blur on the sand.

"There's Harry Hart."

Blalock's flashlight turned on the body.

"Oh!" He studied it, then turned back to Steve. "Perhaps I—I have misjudged you, Mr. Lamar. Did you get him? Were you——"

"I was playing a lone hand," Steve began, and then the Great Idea came to him. "Not exactly a lone hand, that is. I was working for Lancefield."

"Lancefield?" Blalock exploded. "I must have an accounting with Lancefield. He gave me false leads——"

"He had to," Steve explained. "For he was working to get in with Harry Hart—get in as your men never could have done—get in so that he could really clean up this gang. He fired the rocket, after your man had been killed; he shot Harry Hart——"

"Lancefield?" Blalock cried. "Where is he?"

"Here," said Doris from the darkness.

The flashlight blazed on her white figure, erect and cold beside Lancefield's body.

"Is he dead too?" Blalock gasped.

His horror was unforced; for even in his boyhood the legend of Keith Lancefield the knight errant, the young Siegfried in shining armor, had been a part of every boy's education. If Keith Lancefield was dead, something of brightness was gone from the morning; something of spring, the eternal spring of youth and romance and idealism, was gone from the year.

"Dead," he repeated dully. "Well—" The correct Mr. Blalock evidently felt that the world looked to him for an impromptu but definitive epitaph. "Well—no man could have died more nobly. . . . He died as he lived—always the crusader."

DORIS broke the silence with a strangled sob, and another—sobs of sheer relief. Steve had saved the Lancefield legend. The world would know him always as she had known and loved him at first, as she could remember him now and always—clean and brave and gallant, the best on earth.

"Ah!" said Blalock softly. "I begin to understand your—your connection with this affair. You were—engaged to Lancefield?"

"No," said Doris. "Keith and I were old friends; but I'm going to marry Steve Lamar."

THE END

We're hoping it's a safe bet that The Girl Men Don't Forget has made you ask: "When will Elmer Davis give us some more?" So we're going to run a smashing short story by him—it's called The Right Woman—in our very next issue. It's a tale of a Broadway producer whose stage stars had to shine for him alone before he'd let them shine on audiences. Don't miss it.

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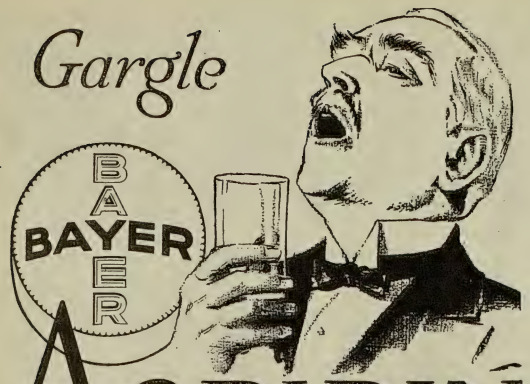
Gargle



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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

The Right Woman

By

Elmer Davis

The fascinating story of a Broadway star and a Great Lover.

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

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IF you are a cross-word-puzzle fan, you can enjoy your favorite pursuit and earn $25 at the same time. LIBERTY will pay $25 each week for one Cross-Word Puzzle constructed by one of its readers. But—no obsolete nor technical words, mind! Also be sure that all parts of the puzzle interlock.

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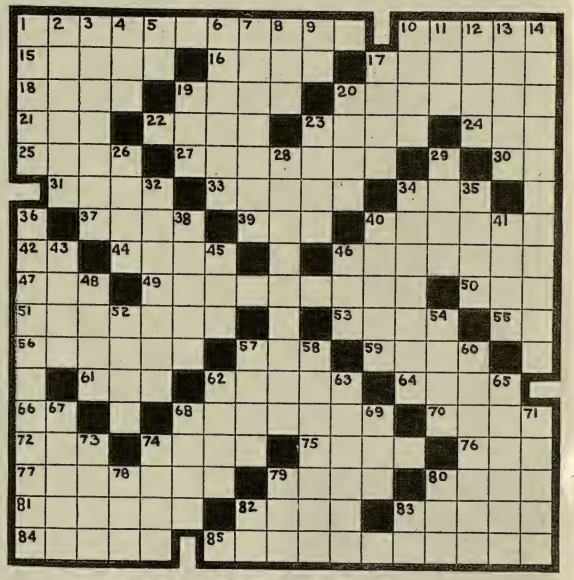


Puzzle No. 7

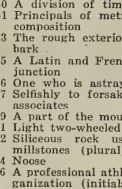
BY ETHEL H. GIBBS, Benton, Maine

HORIZONTAL

1 Western cattle herders
10 Wild destruction
15 Districts
16 A bait
17 Strap used for tightening a clinch
18 Deprivation
19 Simple
20 Associate
21 A stroke of success
22 Loud, confused sound
23 Barren
24 Ever
25 A state of bliss
27 Releasing device for a lock
30 Very
31 Periods
33 Becomes dried or withered
34 Tackle used for hoisting an anchor
37 A river in Africa
39 Dejected
40 A rivulet
42 A verb suffix
44 A monetary unit of Turkey
46 Constructor
47 A tearful sigh
49 A ruffian
50 A division of time
51 Principals of metrical composition
53 The rough exterior of bark
55 A Latin and French conjunction
56 One who is astray
57 Selfishly to forsake one's associates
59 A part of the mouth
61 Light two-wheeled vehicle
62 Siliceous rock used for millstones (plural)
64 Noose
66 A professional athletic organization (initials)
68 Outlaws
70 A salver
72 A mound
74 One of the parents of a beast
75 One-sixteenth of an ounce
76 A letter of the Greek alphabet
77 Natives of an important part of the British Empire
79 Warmth
80 A ratification
81 Inflammation of the ear
82 Indigence
83 Imbibed
84 Celebrated
85 Public eating places

VERTICAL

1 Place of concealment for provisions, etc.
2 Imitation gold
3 Of the Occident
4 Appropriate
5 A pronoun
6 Frees from imputation of guilt
7 Speeds
8 Rather than
9 A syllable sounded in solmization
10 Unyielding
11 A Siamese coin
12 Creeping plant
13 Cyma (plural)
14 Confirm
17 The covert of a beast
19 A bugle note
20 Chief officer of a corporation (abbr.)
23 Long lived
26 Horny plate on a duck's beak
28 A place of interment
29 Refuse from pressed fruit
32 Gliding
34 Colorless liquid resembling carbolic acid
35 Carry
36 State of utter hopelessness
38 Construct
40 Fervor
41 In old time
43 Portal
45 Equine quadruped
46 Attention
48 Ponderous mass of ice
52 Caudal fin
54 Carbonaceous powder in smoke
57 Magic
58 A spear
60 Overseer
62 Rods, as of metal
63 Layers
65 Manifest
67 Slow or slowly (mus.)
68 Receptacles
69 Perched
71 Jerks
73 Amend and revise
74 Declared
78 Adherent of a cause (suffix)
79 Holds possession
80 Greek goddess of vengeance
82 A pronoun
83 A degree (abbr.)



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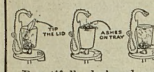

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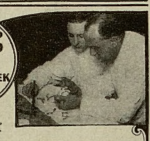

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For the Love o' Lil

THE cover illustration on this issue of LIBERTY pictures the incident in the lives of Lil Morse and her sweetheart, Sandford (Sandy) Jenkins, that is related in the subjoined chapter of Leslie Thrasher's cover continuity, For the Love o' Lil. LIBERTY readers throughout the country are intrigued by this captivating love story because, they say, it's just the sort of thing that is happening to thousands of Lils and Sandys whom they know.

For the Love o' Lil

CHAPTER XIX OF THE FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY

By LESLIE THRASHER

IN justice to Lil, it cannot be said that she was actuated by spite, or that the green-eyed monster of jealousy lurked behind the calm assurance with which she ruled the heart of Sandy Jenkins. But when Cuddles Keenan began to shower her soft, sweet smiles in his direction, as she had when Sandy rescued her cringing little lap dog from the ferocious onslaught of Junior's Pal, that was an affront which deserved retribution. And Lil was not slow to award it.

The opportunity came at Cuddles' birthday party, a few days later. Sandy was there, as well as the rest of their set. And a joyous time was had by all. But when Lil brought in the birthday cake, which she herself had baked, Cuddles' face became transfixed with horror.

"Why, Lil!" she gasped. "You've made me an old woman!" And she seized three of the candles from the icing and threw them out of sight.

But everybody saw her do it. And the question that came into their minds, including Sandy's, was: Was Cuddles as young as she made herself out to be?

Admittedly it was a cruel thing for Lil to do, but she consoled herself with the thought that Cuddles had had no business poaching on her preserves. And as for Sandy——

(To be continued next week)

The Winners in Prize Contest No. 14

First Prize, $500
Roses with mourning due

The Winner
Art C. Anderson, 19 Belden Street, New Britain, Conn.

Second Prize, $250
The rival rose in arms

The winner: Miss Gladys Stein, 35 Houston Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Third Prize, $100
Using more than common scents

The winner: Brown Carithers, 318 West 57th Street, New York City.

Fourth Prize, $50
Rivalry in full bloom

The winner: Mrs. Frank J. Riva, Jr., 332 Lincoln Avenue, Charleroi, Pa.

Fifth Prize, $25
A scornful view of a "rosy" situation

The winner: Mrs. Douglas Rogers, 300 May Avenue, Fort Smith, Ark.

Sixth Prize, $25
The last "woes" of summer

The winner: David Horowitz, 95 Stockholm Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prize Cover No. 14

Seventh Prize, $25
Overlooking the enemy's presents

The winner: Mrs. Charles Steadman, Elgin, Manitoba, Canada.

Eighth Prize, $25
The survival of the richest

The winner: Harry Barmen, 1008 Farragut Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Homeward Bound!

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story for Children

By ALINE KILMER

Picture by ROBERT GRAEF

AND so the hunting began. The three of them went with Domar.

AFTER the immediate excitement of the fire had died down, Gran, Uncle Bunkle, and I had a conference in which we decided that the time had surely come for us to go home. In the first place, the children had "run wild" long enough. When their wildness reached the point where they set fire to the place, it was time to call a halt. Then, too, Gran's other grandchildren were beginning to demand her back again. And Uncle Bunkle had never meant to stay so long. So we started packing.

But I *must* tell you about this: I nearly jumped out of my skin when I first saw the gun. Greg was coming along with it towering far up over his shoulder.

"We found it," they cried, "in the cellar."

I suppose it must have been there since Revolutionary days. There were little places for a ramrod to go, but no ramrod. Several things it used to have looked to be gone. I think it was what used to be called a flintlock. You couldn't shoot it.

And so the hunting began. The three went with Domar; Greg was carrying two big shovels, Emmy bearing the gun twice as long as herself, and Nicky armed with a rope with a chain attached to one end, and a rusty harpoon.

During a rest from our packing, Gran, Uncle Bunkle, and I took a walk up along by the quarry. There we found the cemetery connected with the bug hospital.

We were attracted to the bug hospital from a distance by the small white stones that inclosed it neatly. The gravestones, we found, were much larger. Four of them, with pasted labels, were very neat though somewhat weatherworn. I could just manage to make out the inscriptions:

Johny Dirtbug
Died of Measles
August 3

The Rosebug Family
Died of Chicken Pox
August 5

Mr. Blackbug
Died of Poison
from an Onion
August 6

Billy Swollow
Died of Starvation
August 12

I wish I had had time when it happened to tell you the sad history of Billy Swallow. At least, I wished it until I found on my typewriter one day a page that showed me that Emmy, Nicky, and Greg were making it into a story for Ben. He had gone on a visit to some relatives. This is all there is so far:

Days & Weeks, Months & Years.
By Nicholas, Emerentia and Gregory

To our dearest cousin, Ben, who is in war against his uncle Alexander, we dedicate this book.

Dear Ben: These are the things that have been happening since you left;:

First Saterday:

No. 1 The Birds.

We are now at the Chiken-catchers, and feeding the chickens. "Oh!. hurry-up Alice"! said Emmy. "I can't." SAid Alice.

"Hi, there, don't fight." Called Mr. White from the garden, where he was picking peas," Come here Emmy,

Ive some-thing for you."

Oh, Boy! What is it? Cried Greg.

IT is four baby Swollows. Said Mr. White.

Oh, Good! Said both of us.

We took the little swollows, And gladly ran home.

No. 2

At Home

When we goxxt home I found a nest for them, and—had my supper, and went to bed.

But in the meantime we have done our packing and made all our arrangements to be gone. It is, as you may know, a very hard thing to clean and close a house with a number of people, some of them very young people, about. So Carlotta suggested that the rest of us go on ahead and leave her to get the place in condition. But she wanted one child with her. I told her she might have her choice.

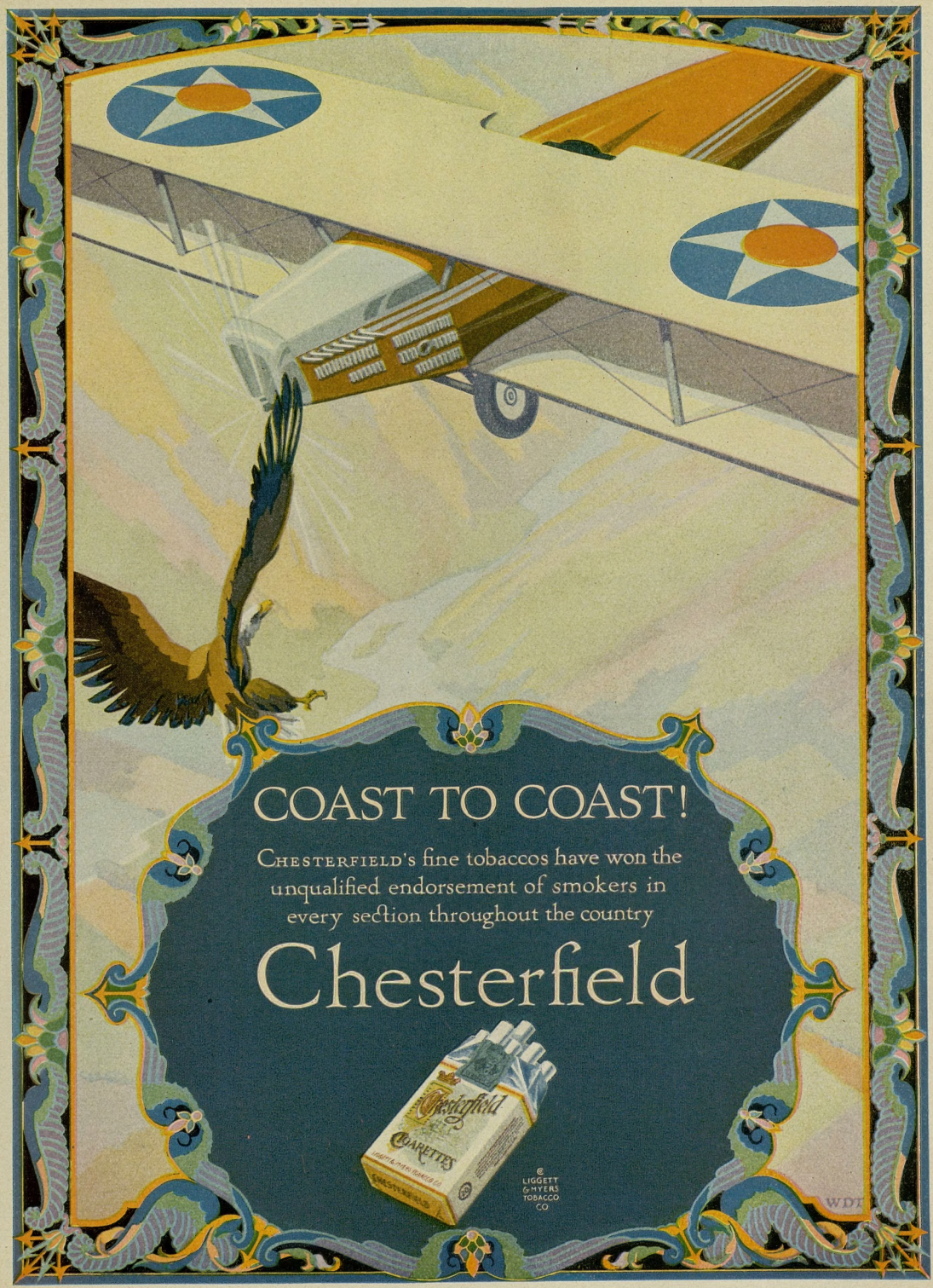
"Oh, I choose my Greg!" she said.

We decided to go back to Soundside by automobile. The Jimmy Man had an extra flivver which he assured us would *go*.

We accepted his offer gratefully.

So the Jimmy•Man came back, bringing the extra flivver and pockets full of pennies for the children. Uncle Bunkle was to drive us home. Gran said at first that she would go home by train. But she changed her mind.

Something dreadful is going to happen to one of the poultry. Read about it in next week's issue.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